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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

BERLIN witnessed on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week a series of riots which it would be possible to parallel in the United States, but which lie totally outside any previous German experience. A strike occurred among the porters and carters of a coal firm in the district of Moabit. Blacklegs were imported to break it, and to protect them it was necessary to draft in large numbers of mounted police. In the skirmishes between police and strikers the entire quarter was soon engaged. The people overwhelmed the police with stones, water, flower-pots, and broken glass. The police used first the flat and then the edge of their sabres. Finally, when fusilladed from the windows of houses with these missiles, the police used their revolvers. A church was attacked, its pastor beaten, and its stained glass smashed. The police, more especially on Wednesday, lost all self-control, and fell upon harmless groups of bystanders indiscriminately, including women. Four English journalists in a motor-car were attacked, beaten, and one of them sabred. There have been several deaths, and on one of the three nights alone over 200 persons were admitted to hospital for surgical treatment. There is no evidence of any Socialist or trade union leadership, and yet the people are said to have shown a certain generalship and unity which implied organisation.

THE decision of the Executive of the Labor Party to recommend the abolition of the Pledge which binds all Members of Parliament to abide by the decisions of

the party and destroys their personal liberty as speakers or legislators, is welcome tidings. Though Mr. Ramsay Macdonald gives several valid reasons for the change, its prime object, of course, is to remove a very serious obstacle to the reversal of the Osborne judgment. For an elected member to delegate all liberty of action may well appear, as it did to so liberal a lawyer as Lord Shaw, opposed to public policy. The removal of the pledge will set the members of the Labor Party on the same footing with those of the Liberal and Unionist Parties. The question to be decided is thus simplified: "Is a trade union entitled to take political action?"

No release from the deadlock in the cotton trade has yet been secured. That our greatest and upon the whole our most peaceful industry should come to a standstill on a quarrel, the substance of which both parties are generally willing to arbitrate, appears at first sight incredible. But it must be remembered that the smaller the matter at issue the less room for give and take. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that it is a feeling of "honor," that is to say of personal "pride," that blocks the way. The employers could yield the men's point, reinstating Howe during arbitration, the men could yield the employers' point, allowing Howe to stand out on wages until a settlement was reached, without prejudice to either case. It is not true that either would have given away anything, or stand worse afterwards. But stubbornness forbids.

FIFTY years of Church Congresses have worn rather thin the interest upon such questions as "Unity of the Churches," or the "Politics of Missions." The Congress, however, had a live issue raised on Wednesday by Mrs. Pinsent, who opened up the questions of the declining birthrate, and the survival of the "unfit." The urgent importance of the issue was recognised by all the speakers, but the over-confident acceptance of the biological standpoint of the Weismann School imparted a too pessimistic tone to the discussion. It was, perhaps, not unnatural that a theory which seems to favor character as against environment should be well received by such an assemblage, and that the only practical suggestions for stemming the tide of deterioration should consist in vague phrases about teaching "larger conceptions of corporate responsibility," and the cultivation of "an imperial ideal of national life." The crux, from the standpoint of the moral eugenicist, consists in this—that the unfit, whose breeding he desires to check, will necessarily be the last to realise their responsibilities, or to cultivate imperial ideals.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on trade relations between Canada and the West Indies proposes that the Canadian preference established in 1898 shall be reciprocated by a uniform preference on the part of the several islands, which, retaining each its own tariff as now, shall make an allowance of twenty per cent. upon Canadian and other Imperial imports. The Commissioners hold that the evidence shows clearly that the Canadian preference has been highly beneficial to the West Indian sugar trade, giving the exporters "from

9s. to 14s. per ton above the price which they would have been able to get without the preference." Naïve concern, however, is expressed at the devices for whittling down this gain practised by the Canadian Government which last year permitted Canadian refiners to purchase twenty per cent. of their sugar from other sources on the same preferential terms, and has now had the unkindness to withdraw the German surtax which so effectively kept out German beet sugar.

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JAMAICA is kept out of this proposal, having, it is held, "no very close tie with the other West Indian Colonies." It may be added that Jamaica's connection with Canada is weakening, and that she is steadily drifting more into the economic sphere of the United States. The relative decline of her sugar and growth of her fruit trade are mainly responsible for this. While, then, provision is suggested for the subsequent adhesion of Jamaica to the proposed scheme of West Indian preference, no immediate step in that direction is prescribed. This is certainly discreet, for though the United States has so far not objected to our Imperial preferences as "undue discrimination," subjecting our dominions to their maximum tariff, nothing would be more likely to raise this delicate question than a Jamaican preference to Canada as against the United States.

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The questions that centre in the Turkish Loan have hardly advanced during the week. It is not probable that Turkey is yet definitely inside the Triple Alliance, but she is moving rapidly towards it. Sir Ernest Cassel was expected to go to Paris on some mission of mediation, but he has desisted, apparently yielding to pressure from our Foreign Office. It is uncertain whether his Bank will take up the loan, but, if it does, it must seek the money almost exclusively in Vienna and Berlin. France remains irreconcilable. In an interview in the "Daily Telegraph," Djavid Bey, the Turkish Minister of Finance, ascribed French hostility wholly to financial influences, which set going, he alleges, the story of the Turkish treaty with Roumania solely in order to close the French market to Turkey. The motive, in short, is financial and not political. This, doubtless, is partly true, but it is not, we think, the whole truth. A purely political rivalry of French and British against German interests is at the centre of this affair. The Press polemics of the week have been more than usually bitter, and the affair of the loan has started once more in Germany the consciousness of an ineluctable struggle with Great Britain and France for the balance of power.

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On Tuesday the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt against Mr. Sherman as temporary chairman of the Republican Party Convention was carried by 567 votes to 445. The scene was noisy and not undramatic, and the speeches in Mr. Sherman's favor resolved themselves into unmeasured personal abuse of Mr. Roosevelt. It is a great personal triumph, and it means that Mr. Roosevelt has secured his position as the dominating figure of his party. No other man could have faced and beaten the party machine in New York State. But his aim is now to achieve unity, and the official "platform" speech which he delivered on his election is far from being a pure "insurgent" document. It is evident that Mr. Taft has still a certain moderate progressive following, neither "insurgent" nor "old-guard," which has to be conciliated. The bulk of the speech was accordingly a vague plea for honesty in business and politics, and a declaration of war upon every

form of corruption. Honesty, though the best, is not a very definite policy for a great party. It has, however, this meaning, that it is an attack on the party managers. But this said, the speech was notable only for its eulogy of Mr. Taft's administration, and its defence of the unpopular Payne tariff. Few believe that Mr. Roosevelt can secure Republican unity, and a big Democratic success seems probable in the November State elections.

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To replace the old Regent of Persia, the head of the Kajar Royal clan, Asad-ul-Mulk, who has just died, the Mejliss, by 40 votes to 29, has elected as his successor Nasr-el-Mulk, a much respected but very timid personality who has had an English education and was a student at Balliol College. He has preferred through all the later phases of the troubles to live in France, and it is doubtful if he will now accept the difficult honor thrust upon him. Meanwhile the negotiations with Russia for the withdrawal of her troops are at a standstill. The army of occupation has gone into winter quarters, and the demand for commercial concessions as the price of its departure is resolutely maintained and as steadily resisted. There are signs, however, that Sir Edward Grey does not acquiesce with a wholly good grace in this Russian diplomatic brigandage. The "Times" has mildly censured its meanness, and hinted that it is time at last for the Russian troops to withdraw.

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THE question of the status of Mr. Savarkar, whom France claimed as a political refugee who had won the right of asylum on her soil is still unsettled. It appears that she has not renounced her demand for his return. But while it remains undecided whether Mr. Savarkar ought not to be at liberty in France, he is being tried in India. The main charge of his connection with a secret seditious society seems to rest on a preface which he wrote to a life of Mazzini, in which he advocated in India a repetition of the methods by which Young Italy struggled against Austria. French public opinion has not forgotten the question. M. de Pressensé, as President of the powerful Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, has addressed a letter to the President of the Republic, suggesting that the question of Mr. Savarkar's extradition should be submitted to the Hague. But after our help in the Turkish loan question it is unlikely that France will insist on her claim. An alliance must cost something. It appears to be costing both countries their respect for the right of asylum.

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THE "Morning Post" is in some quarters accused of mischief-making by its strong pronouncement for payment of Members. A hopeless division is disclosed alike in the Unionist Press and party. The lighter "organs" favor the "democratic" policy, though, in the case of the "Daily Mail" and "Graphic," with the qualification that pay should be furnished only to necessary Members; the heavier organs, the "Times," "Telegraph," and "Advertiser," strongly oppose. While Mr. Austen Chamberlain's and Mr. Lee's sternly virtuous refusal is believed to represent the solid Front Opposition Bench, the younger fighting Tariff Reformers are likely to rally to the call of Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Goulding. It is undoubtedly an awkward case for a party looking eagerly to a General Election to have to tell the organised workmen of the country that they have nothing to offer them as a redress for so sore a grievance. The "Morning Post," not destitute of humor, appeals to Mr. Balfour for "a strong lead."

THE result of the Court-martial in the case of Lieutenant Sutor, commuting his sentence of dismissal to a "severe reprimand," will be taken by most of those who have followed this illuminating trial as a practical vindication of the accused. No doubt the publication of his pamphlet, "The Army System," was technically *ultra crepidam*, but it is difficult to defend an enforcement of silence so strict as to block the only avenue by which certain truths charged with great public interest can possibly emerge. Those who feel strongest on National Defence should rejoice at criticism so obviously intended to promote the efficiency of the service. If, as was naively admitted by a witness in the "ragging case" of a few years ago, "in the Army it is bad form to be keen," if it is true, as Lieutenant Sutor found, that most officers have nothing to do beyond a perfunctory half-hour's work a day, if, as the "Times" Correspondent in the recent manoeuvres holds, "the minds of our young staff officers have been in cloudland, and the daily work of the staff officer in the field has been much neglected," it is surely well that the public should know these things. For, after all, the public has some right to know how much of the thirty millions it pays for the Army is well spent, how much is "muddled away."

OCCASIONALLY our Yellow Press becomes innocently white. But always "with a purpose." Quite the most "sensational" news of last Tuesday was the outbreak of rioting in Berlin. But such was the self-restraint of the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Express" that neither of these newspapers allowed any extended account of the riot to appear in their columns. How could the news be true? Germany is the "paradise of the working man." No serpent must be permitted to creep in. On Wednesday, when the serious nature of the affair could not be concealed, it is referred to Socialism, though, of course, the fact was that it was in origin nothing but an affray between ordinary trade unionists and strike-breakers.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD's latest scare appeal partakes so much of pantomime arithmetic that it bids fair to let light into the thickest Jingo skull. By 1913-14, according to his summing, we shall only have a majority of four "Dreadnoughts" over the combined fleets of Germany, Austria, and Italy! The impudence of this sudden springing of a three-standard Power is enhanced by the refusal to count in on our side the two Australian ships. The Triple Alliance is presumably a closer and more sustained bond of co-operation than the British Empire, which may go to pieces any time, in Lord Charles Beresford's opinion. We are invited to build sixteen ships, or seven in addition to the prescribed programme, in order to lie quiet in our beds!

It is not easy to understand what object was served by the Woman Suffragist deputation to Mr. Lloyd George last Tuesday. Had he utilised the occasion to explain what changes in the substance of the Conciliation Bill would genuinely satisfy the "democratic" condition laid down by Mr. Asquith, a real service would have been rendered. Better still, had he expressed a personal intention of throwing the magnetic vigor of his advocacy into a campaign for Adult Suffrage, as soon as the pressure of the constitutional crisis was withdrawn. There is, as we have always admitted, some weight in the objections that property is unduly favored by the Bill, and that some fresh plural voters might be created. But in our judgment these objections could only be taken as

fatal to the measure, if it were regarded as the final word in extension of the franchise. Friends of the Bill would, however, do well to admit more candidly its defects. To urge, for instance, as Miss Christabel Pankhurst does, that the fact that fathers show no eagerness to furnish municipal votes to their daughters proves they will not manufacture Parliamentary votes is quite unconvincing. They probably will, though not, we think, in such numbers as to do great harm.

In connection with the Church Congress a useful Conference was held on Thursday to discuss means for the suppression of the liquor traffic among native races. Several speakers exposed in instructive detail this grave abuse of commercial imperialism. It appears that Bishop Tugwell's amazing statement that gin had become such a common commodity in Nigeria that it was used for payment of fines in courts, though first officially denied by Lord Crewe, turned out to be correct. The Native Races Liquor Traffic Committee, who have for twenty years been hammering away at the degrading traffic, appear to find themselves thwarted in most instances by the authority of "the official upon the spot" who is hand in glove with the trader.

To Liberals and Social Reformers the appointment of Dr. T. C. Fry, of Berkhamstead School, to the vacant Deanery of Lincoln is a source of heartfelt satisfaction. For twenty years and more Dr. Fry has been in the forefront of many battles for liberty and progress in education, politics, and ecclesiastical affairs. He earned golden opinions by his bold and energetic action as secretary for the Social Questions section of the Pan-Anglican Congress two years ago, and has been for many years one of the most active members of the executive of the Christian Social Union.

FEW writers of fiction have given such undiluted pleasure to three generations of readers as Mrs. Gaskell, the centenary of whose birth is commemorated this week. "Cranford" will live on a level with the best of Jane Austen's books for its delightful humor in the portrayal of village life. "Mary Barton," and "North and South" carry a sterner power, and are rightly reckoned as valuable social documents. Though there was nothing in her of the rare impenetrable gifts of the Brontë sisters, she had sufficient imagination and sympathy to produce what is, surely, one of the most faithful and attractive pieces of literary biography we possess, in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë." Born in what is now Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Mrs. Gaskell adds one more name to the list of great writers associated with that river front.

AN exhibition of pictures by the French Post-Impressionists is to be held at the Grafton Galleries during November, December, and January. Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin are to be well represented. What the public will make of them remains to be seen. Their pictures are certainly likely to rouse a good deal of discussion. In Germany they have been already analysed and assimilated, whereas they are practically new to England.

[The next issue of THE NATION will be a Special Announcement Number and will contain a Supplement dealing with the Books to be published during the season.]



## Politics and Affairs.

### TRADE UNIONS AND POLITICS.

THOSE who engineered the proceedings which resulted in the Osborne judgment set out to deal Labor a serious blow. They dealt their blow, and serious it was, but on whose head it has fallen is not quite so clear. On the whole, there seems likely to be some ricocheting before the effects of the impact wear themselves out, and for the moment it is the Unionist Party whose head is ringing. We use the term head in a figurative sense. We do not refer to Mr. Balfour, who has what all Society would admit to be weightier matters to contend with than the future of parties and the constitution of the House of Commons. Indeed, he is said to be engaged in no less epoch-making an achievement than the revision of the rules of golf. But if such a soul is above politics and party, Mr. F. E. Smith can descend from the Elysian fields to the cave of the politician even in a fine week of September, and can there announce his reluctant conversion to the principle of payment of Members. Mr. Arthur Lee, indeed, takes the other side, and the "Times," in its helpless fashion, hastens to prove precisely the point for which the Labor Party are concerned, that payment of Members will not meet their case. But while Mr. Lee is hostile, and the faithless coldness of the "Times" continues, the fighting spirits of the new Conservatism, from the "Morning Post" even unto the "Daily Express," rally round the champion of Tory Democracy. This element in Conservatism firmly believes, to do it justice, that it can capture the democracy with its programme of compulsory service, plenty of "Dreadnoughts," and taxed food. With this robust faith it is not afraid of Labor Members.

We are not unaware of the objections which can be raised against payment of Members, or of the attractions inherent in the ideal of the public-spirited citizen who gives for the pure pleasure of it his services as the representative of the people. We hope that this type will long flourish. But it is a type which, from the nature of the case, must be drawn from the wealthy class. It is not within the wealthy class that we find the men who know the conditions of labor at first hand. It is not from the hard-headed lawyer or business man, who, with all the apparatus of motors and telephones and private secretaries, finds it easy enough to wedge in some hours of attendance at the House of Commons among the multifarious occupations of the day, that we can justly expect a keen appreciation of the problems of poverty as felt by the poor themselves. The more these problems press on Parliament the greater the need of unrestricted choice, the greater the urgency for the representation of the poor by the poor, of the civilian by the civilian, of the laborer by the laborer. There must be effective freedom of choice, and there must be financial independence for the elected representatives, and to secure these ends there must be public responsibility for the cost of registration and returning officers' expenses, and the payment of a competence to the elected Member. As to the expense, if we are prepared to spend lavishly for the

ornamental institution of monarchy, we need not be nigardly over the prosaic necessities of the actual machinery of government.

Unfortunately, neither payment of Members nor of election expenses meets the whole of the difficulty raised by the Osborne judgment. Long and late in the evolution of democracy, the mass of the people has forged for itself a weapon and has begun to build up a party. As long as the party was small and of little account, the methods to which it owed its existence passed without inquiry. Trade unionism was fighting in the main with other weapons, and the first care of the judges was to blunt those weapons. A series of decisions culminating in the Taff Vale judgment paralysed the industrial activity of organised labor. But, as now so then, the great shot ricocheted. The Taff Vale judgment drew the unions together. It created the new Labor Party, accelerated and enhanced the political cataclysm of 1906, and the newly-won political power of the unions restored the balance. The Taff Vale judgment was reversed by statute. It was not the ideal solution, but it was a solution which saved the unions from men of law whose animus was but too plain. It became necessary for the courts and those who use them to resort to a second line of attack. The newly found political power of the unions must be broken. With the aid of Mr. Osborne it was directly attacked, and once more the House of Lords threw down the gage to organised labor.

But while thus recognising in the Osborne judgment the latest move in the struggle for the maintenance and consolidation of the power of property, we cannot afford to neglect the arguments themselves. The considerations adduced in support of the judgment are weighty; and to many minds, including some that are most fully in sympathy with democratic principles, they carry conviction. We do not under this head include the refusal of political activity to trade unions. This appears to us an arbitrary limitation of their functions, justified neither by logic, social utility, nor history. The points which appear to us as points of real difficulty are two. The first concerns the political freedom of the trade unionist, the second the political freedom of the representative. As to the first, it must be frankly admitted that the trade union is not in the position of a Conservative or Liberal Association. It is not a combination formed for purely political objects by men who all agree with one another on political principles. It is formed primarily to secure industrial advantages and to maintain a system of friendly benefits. Such an association finds that some of its objects can only be secured by political means, and that these means may best be forwarded by a representative in the House of Commons. It decides to support such a representative, and so far well. But that representative will have to vote, not only on the immediate and peculiar interests of the association, but on all matters of general politics, and on many of these, members of the union may be opposed to any candidate whom the union may select. They are thus compelled to lend financial support to a man of whose ideas on national policy they disapprove. But is it open to them to leave the union? In the abstract it is open to them. But again we must face the



facts. They cannot, as things stand, leave the union without forfeiting the benefits for which they have paid previously, and, in some cases, they cannot, even so, leave it without putting themselves at a disadvantage in the effort to obtain or retain their work. Union membership is not, in all cases, a matter of perfectly free choice. That is one of the arguments which affected some of the judges, and must affect the minds of candid sympathisers with Labor. If the Osborne judgment is to be reversed with the aid of the Liberal Party, provision will have to be made for the rights of the political minority. Their benefits must be secured to them, and, in our judgment, a plan will have to be devised by which they can at need, and under suitable conditions, earmark for some other purposes of the union that portion of their subscription which would otherwise go to the support of the candidate.

There remains the position of the elected representative. Candidly we do not think it right that a man should be bound by pledge to take a party whip as a condition of financial support. We think that any such pledge should be illegal. We are glad to see that the Executive of the Labor Party have just decided unanimously to recommend the abolition of this pledge, on the ground that it is no longer desirable to impose such a restriction on the personal liberty of representatives. The Labor Member will in future, if, as no doubt will be the case, this change of policy is adopted, enjoy the same freedom as members of the other two great parties in the State. This will certainly make it easier for Liberals to contemplate a Bill enabling trade unions to engage in political work under the restrictions we here discuss. It is admitted that workmen must have some means of political activity. It is not really practical to insist that for this work they must duplicate their organisation, building up a separate political instrument in each industry. It is, therefore, essential to the success of Labor candidates that the trade union machinery should be brought into play. There alone is the organised force which can serve as some counterpoise to the vast influences of wealth which the opposed party of Conservative and Liberal Imperialism can bring into play. The problem is how to utilise this machinery without infringing vital principles of democratic government. On the lines here suggested, we do not think the solution to be beyond the wit of man.

#### AGAIN IN THE LIMELIGHT.

MR. ROOSEVELT has won easily the first round in his fight for the mastery and reformation of the Republican Party. In his own amiable phrase, he has "beaten the Old Guard to a frazzle." The formalities of American machine-politics make it rather difficult for English readers to realise the significance of a struggle over the temporary Chairmanship of a State Convention. But when it is remembered that the State is New York, and that the temporary Chairman is entitled to construct the "platform" which contains the official party policy, the tactical victory of Mr. Roosevelt over the "bosses" is seen in its true magnitude. What is to

happen next? Will the conqueror be able to perform the cleansing process he purposes, and will he be able to impose his "Radical" policy upon the party? American history indicates that though the Old Guard may surrender, it will never die. With the generosity a conqueror calculates he can afford, Mr. Roosevelt has dictated a platform plainly designed for conciliation. Save for one plank, the endorsement of Direct Primaries, there seems nothing in it that Conservative Republicans would shrink from treading. The moral maxims directed against corruption and official wrong-doing belong to the commonplaces of such documents. The commendations of Mr. Taft's administration, and particularly of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, will seem, at any rate to the more advanced Western Republicans, little less than a betrayal of their cause. His strenuous denial of the influence of that tariff in contributing to the high level of prices must cause dismay among those who have been looking for him to deliver his country from the clutches of the "combines," which everywhere are throttling the consumer and dragging down the real wages of labor.

What has occurred seems to lend support to the view of those who regard Mr. Roosevelt as a supreme tactician rather than as a single-hearted reformer. We have never seen reason to consider him a great constructive statesman, capable of understanding the big problems of his time, and willing, like Abraham Lincoln, to sacrifice his personal ambitions in pursuance of a clear-cut line of practical endeavor. There are plenty of virtuous declarations, plenty of vigorous denunciations of evil-doers, plenty of sensational acts of punishment, but there is no policy of legislative and constitutional reforms bearing the semblance of adequacy. No serious student of the "trust" question, for example, can imagine that his scheme of optional federal registration will enable the Government of Washington to exercise any real control over these engines of economic oppression and political corruption. Nothing short of national ownership and operation of railroads—a hardly credible notion under the spoils system—can pretend to grapple with the power of the great highwaymen of America, or to make them servants, instead of masters, of the public. Mr. Roosevelt, again, has talked big about the urgency of national income and inheritance taxes, which shall place American fiscal policy on a level with that of all other progressive States. But he has not even dimly foreshadowed any practicable method of obtaining the constitutional changes required to render such taxation possible. He has, so far as first-rate legislation is concerned, lived in the region of grandiose platitudes, inspiring sometimes, we confess, a degree of alarm among offending corporations which, if genuine, is ludicrous, in view of the triviality of damage he is capable of doing them. His sole important work of practical reform is contained in his National Conservation policy, though most even of that consists in locking the stable-door after the horse is stolen. As an administrator, he has, indeed, shown himself a genuine and a fearless reformer, and, were he permitted, he would no doubt clean the Republican machine to some effect. But, if it were clean in the sense he means, it would not have the power to cope with the new political

economic emergencies of the time. Nor can it generate that power so long as it remains pre-eminently the party of the trusts and the big business men. For the abuses of rights of property are more flagrant and more cruel in America than anywhere in Western Europe, and so long as Republicanism is linked by financial and moral association with those who profit by these abuses, neither declamatory professions nor genuine aspirations of "insurgents" will much avail.

We admit the dramatic interest which the situation arouses. An outbreak of Radicalism inside an essentially Conservative party is always entertaining. To see an audacious circus-rider trying to bestride two divergent horses is still more exhilarating. But we cannot take Mr. Roosevelt so seriously as many of his countrymen take him, still less so seriously as he seems to take himself. To us he remains essentially an actor, quite genuine in so far that he identifies himself with his part, possessed indeed by a passion for the leading rôle, and loving to work-up impromptu scenes which show him in heroic attitudes under the limelight. No doubt he means well, and is capable of passing services to his country. But an egoism so blatant and so omnivorous must always remain a peril to any party which he leads. Our reading of the situation is that the Old Guard, beaten for the time, will "come to heel," will wait and watch until the ebullience of insurgency has run out in many large pronouncements and a few small achievements, and will then quietly reassert the old ascendancy of the bosses. To some observers no doubt it looks as if the wedge of Radicalism were driven so far and with such force that Republicanism must break, and some new alignment of political forces must take place. But we must not forget that more than once in the last twenty years the Democratic Party seemed on the verge of a similar dissolution. In sympathy and in interests the severance between the early Bryanism and the traditional Democracy of the East and South was at least as menacing to the unity of party as is now the case among Republicans. Political control in some parts of the country passed into the hands of Radicals, in other parts the Conservatives held sway. Although the national party rocked and reeled before the violence of alternative policies and personalities, its formal solidarity has never been broken. So it seems likely that Republicanism may long contain such divergent elements as now appear, without suffering disruption. Its outer integument may prove so tough that not even the explosive personality of Mr. Roosevelt may suffice to break it.

#### THE CENSOR'S LATEST.

In one public department, at all events, there is a stubborn fortitude which almost commands respect. After all the taunts and jeers flung at the Censorship, after the serious complaints of our most conspicuous dramatists, and after the finding of the Joint Committee of both Houses appointed to advise upon the whole question, one might have supposed a chastened spirit would prevail in that obscure and impenetrable office which decides what is good or bad for the morals of playgoers. After it had

banned all the most vital of contemporary dramatists, such as Brieux, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Mr. Bernard Shaw in turn, to say nothing of Shelley and, as it is rumored, even Sophocles as well, one would have expected a pause, and perhaps a certain avoidance of public offence, until the storm of ridicule and indignation had overpassed. But the Censorship holds its ground. It shrinks from no attack, and flinches from no absurdity. It is true that it makes some attempt to conceal its action. It confesses its preference for stabbing in the dark rather than fighting in the open. It requests a manager quietly to withdraw a play and save the Censorship the obloquy of the play's destruction. But in that subterfuge there is nothing new. It is a familiar trick in the Censorship's methods, and when it fails, the imperturbable Office takes its old stand upon its legal rights, obdurate, silent, unreasoning, armed only with the bludgeon of a veto against which there is no appeal.

If anything, the Lord Chamberlain's department has advanced in the irrational arrogance of its claim, and its latest offence appears to be the most audacious. Mr. Laurence Housman's play, called "Pains and Penalties," was to have opened the season at the "Little Theatre." He had borrowed the title from Lord Liverpool's "Bill of Pains and Penalties," introduced into the House of Lords in 1820, in order to deprive Queen Caroline of her position as Queen, and to dissolve her marriage with George IV. We need not here discuss the rights or wrongs of the celebrated trial in which that Bill resulted, for the story is to be found in any history, and the verbatim report of the evidence with the speeches on both sides was published broadcast at the time, and is still easily accessible. There was no secrecy of any kind about the matter. Whether the Queen had been guilty or not, everyone knew that the charge was in reality brought against her by a husband whose heartless licentiousness was a byword throughout the country. Everyone knew that every kind of insult had been heaped upon the unhappy woman, that her only child had been taken from her, and that no information had been given to her when that daughter was married or when she died. Stirred by the cruelty and injustice of such treatment, public feeling ran so strongly in the Queen's favor that, though the third reading of the Bill was carried by a small majority, the Government of the day was compelled to drop it, and the King was thwarted of his purpose. That, in brief, was the historic episode on which Mr. Housman's play was founded, and, we understand, he did not depart from the contemporary records in any important particular. The subject has been public property for nearly a century, and it appears to us well suited for dramatic treatment.

Why, then, has the Lord Chamberlain vetoed the play without explanation or appeal? We presume his objection lies in the subject, for if he had objected to the treatment only, he might, perhaps, have answered Mr. Housman's request to have any objectionable passages pointed out, even though the Office issues a printed memorandum stating that "The Licensor has no official cognisance of authors as such." Except that it pockets the author's two guineas, the Lord Chamberlain's Office

does not know that such a thing as an author exists, and its communications with the theatrical manager are marked "Private and confidential," so that legally an author has no right to the hope of escaping veto by any alterations. But, as we have learnt from previous cases and from Mr. Redford's evidence before the Joint Committee, suggestions on points of detail are sometimes made, and attention is drawn to passages that are supposed to be objectionable. In this case nothing of the sort was done. No suggestion was made, no opportunity for reconsideration was given, and no sentences were pointed out as likely to be improved by change.

It seems, therefore, that the objection must lie in the subject. But what can the objection be? In an ironic letter to "The Times" last Wednesday, Mr. Robert Harcourt pointed out that the Joint Committee had recommended it should be the Lord Chamberlain's duty to license any play unless he considered it to be indecent, to contain offensive personalities, to represent in an invidious manner a living person, or one recently dead, to do violence to the sentiment of religious reverence, to be calculated to conduce to crime or vice, or to be calculated to impair friendly relations with any foreign Power. It seems impossible to bring the objection to "Pains and Penalties" under any of these heads. If it were thought that a man who has long been the butt of satirists and historians was represented by the drama in an invidious manner, Mr. Housman could reply that George IV. has been dead eighty years, and that, to avoid any possibility of offence, the only scene in which the King was introduced in person was eliminated from the play before the Censor received it. It may be urged that, though the King himself does not appear, the shadow of the King supplies the motive force of evil in the tragedy. But why should the dramatist be debarred from suggesting that shadowy power ninety years after the event? During the trial itself, at a time when George IV. had but lately succeeded to the throne, Brougham, in the course of his famous defence of the Queen, did not hesitate to protest against the attempt to withdraw from mention that shadowy being who was in reality the prosecutor in the case. "I know not under what shape it exists," he cried, and with searching effect he poured out the Miltonic quotation:—

"If shape it might be called, that shape had none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed;  
For each seemed either. Black it stood as night,  
Fierce as the furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

If Brougham could thus describe without rebuke the shadow of the reigning King, why should we be squeamish about hinting at the same man when nearly four generations have passed since he exposed himself to the contempt of the world?

On the face of it, we are forced to the conclusion that the Lord Chamberlain's decision was prompted by the growing spirit of flunkeyism that has been so prominent of late. It was the same spirit that gorged itself on nauseous emotion when the late King died, and by its surfeit of lamentation brought disgust upon the

public mourning for a widely esteemed personality. But the present development has less excuse, for under this decision the whole dynasty in the past is declared sacrosanct. The Chinese device of ennobling ancestors instead of descendants has, at all events, the advantage of economy; but in this country we have not yet reached the point of deifying either our reigning monarchs or their predecessors on the throne. Lest it should be thought that the mention of George IV.'s coronation on the stage might somehow cast a slur on George V.'s coronation next year, Mr. Housman offered to postpone the performance for two years, but still the veto held. If such a veto is to be maintained, not only will there be an end of serious historic drama in this country, but a spirit of subservience to the Crown will be fostered, opposed alike to the better mind of the people, the rights of the Constitution, and the real interests of the monarchy.

#### THE MOOD OF GERMANY.

THERE are some very entertaining letters to German royalties in Queen Victoria's correspondence, which discuss with something between horror and incredulity the attitude of the German masses during 1848. One phrase recurs on every page with a pathetic little note of reproach—"our good Germans." Seen from the balconies of royal palaces the Germans had indeed appeared, up to this ghastly revelation of the hidden corruption of their hearts, to be all that a little caste of Serenities and Transparencies could desire. They had never revolted since the Peasants' War; they had barely murmured, and, above all, in the entire history of the race, they had never been known to cut off a king's head. The Germans, from the standpoint of royalty, were pre-eminently the "good," the submissive people. The disconcerting phenomena of 1848 proved to be transient. Once in its history did this good people take to barricades and unseemly demonstrations before a King's palace, and then, shocked by its own temerity, it went quietly back to drill. From that day to this the discontent has seemed to be busy only in the incessant work of organising itself. It built up, indeed, the most powerful Socialist party of Europe. But that party was itself only an expression of the German instinct for order and discipline and "goodness." It was possible for Gustave Hervé to say of it in a famous outburst of petulant and impudent criticism, that it was nothing but a vast machine for collecting subscriptions.

Clearly there are moments when even "goodness" turns to fury and exasperation, and the corruption of the best becomes the worst. One is inclined to ask whether, after the lapse of sixty years, another of those moments has at last arrived when goodness breaks down. The Suffrage demonstrations of last year in Berlin were, in their way, the manifestation of a sort of "goodness." Europe has seen nothing so impressive as an expression of the very spirit of order. The populace of Berlin marched out indeed, at the bidding of the party of Social Revolution, but it marched to the goose-step, patient, self-restrained, respectful of itself, of its leaders, of the idea of social order, and even of property and things as they are.



There was nothing scandalous save the behavior of the police, and not a trace or betrayal of emotion save in the panic of the ruling caste. It is a totally different spirit which has shown itself during the riots of this week in the Moabit quarter of Berlin. Traces of goodness indeed remain, for there seems to be some warrant for the police theory that the whole outbreak, so passionate, so apparently spontaneous, and in its way so purposeless, does in reality obey a fairly competent and intelligent direction. Turn to one version of events, and you read only of the furious doings of slum-dwellers and "riff-raff," who smash the windows of a church, belabor an unoffending person, fling their missiles on every well-dressed passer-by, and loot on occasion to their heart's content. Another version will insist on their clever tactics, their skilful guerilla performances, their ambushes, their concerted attacks from rear and flank, their dispositions to render impotent the charges of mounted police. The narratives which reach us are clearly the work of witnesses who are as much puzzled and disconcerted as we are ourselves, and the correspondents seem to vacillate between two theories, neither of which quite fits the facts—that these riots are a mere momentary outbreak of disreputable anger, and that they are a sort of deliberate rehearsal for a revolution. The facts are certainly puzzling. One starts with a rather insignificant strike of a few coal porters and carters against the employment of "blacklegs." The "blacklegs" are escorted on their rounds by mounted police, who behaved, no doubt, with the customary Prussian roughness. Suddenly the whole quarter is mobilised against the armed police. In all that follows two things strike the distant spectator—the apparently unbroken solidarity of this whole region of Berlin, and the utter recklessness with which men, and even women, are ready to face, on three successive nights, the sabres and revolvers of the police. It is these two aspects of the riots which seem to give a certain meaning to the diagnosis in the report communicated from police-headquarters to the "Lokal-Anzeiger": "It is a terribly serious matter. It is a revolution in little." Behind this sympathy for the strikers and this anger against the police (whichever motive it is that predominates), there must lurk a pent-up rage against the whole conditions of life and politics in Prussia, a desperation that is willing to strike blindly and, as it seems, to no purpose, in the hope of somehow groping to an exit. Rioting of this sort is not "a revolution in little." But it does exhibit the temper which, in the days before the magazine-rifle and the machine-gun, would have made a revolution. The very reluctance of the Prussian authorities to use the troops is a sign that they themselves fear to give to the noise and tumult of this angry episode a resonance that might echo throughout Germany.

The modern world shows no successful instance of a class revolution. The grievance, whatever it is, must be sufficiently diffused to affect at least the middle class as well as the masses, and the anger against the ruling class must be at least deep enough and sincere enough among the educated strata to create an atmosphere in which revolt will seem morally right and even its excesses pardonable. To that state of mind Germany is clearly

approximating. The two issues on which the battle is taken, affect the middle class almost as directly as they affect the proletariat. The class-franchise of Prussia is as gross an affront to the professional man, to all but the richest business men, and to the shopkeeper, as it is to the working man. The burden of dear food, dear clothes, and high rent weighs almost as heavily on the small official and the clerk as it does upon the artisan. Berlin at least is on both issues all but unanimous. The resolutions which its Town Council passed this week, calling attention to the high prices of food, and in particular of beef, and demanding the opening of the frontiers and the ports to the free import of meat and forage, seem to mark the beginning of the end of a system of high Protection governed by the agrarian interest. The astonishing series of Social Democratic successes in by-elections, of which this week brought yet another, clearly tell the same tale. The middle class has reached a point at which an increasingly larger number of its voters demand an unflinching expression of their discontent, and will follow the only party which will not compromise, and cannot be lured into a Governmental coalition. Even the growth of revisionism among the South German Socialists is itself a sign of this new situation. The moment for Social Democracy to intervene as a practical Parliamentary party has arrived, and it is adapting itself rapidly to its new opportunities. The situation calls rather for a militant democratic party than for a doctrinaire revolutionary party, and the demand is clearly and quite rapidly creating the supply.

All this is so clear that one marvels only at the slowness of the Government to attempt any adjustment. It is quite probable that it will be forced to open the frontiers to the free import of meat, and with that perhaps so much of this revolutionary temper as is mere hunger may be partially satisfied. But the general discussion on the tariff which the meat question has originated has gone far beyond the point of temporary and partial concessions. If there are no concessions the Socialists will dominate the Reichstag; if there are concessions they may have to yield some of the seats which they now seem certain to capture, to Radicals. But in neither case does it seem possible for a Reichstag led by Conservatives and Clericals to be returned. There is only one card which the Imperial Government might attempt to play, and that is an attempt once more to rally the khaki spirit, the "Hurrah-patriotism" which gave Prince von Bülow his Liberal-Conservative *Bloc*. To the success of such an attempt every provocation from our own Jingoism and every indiscretion of our own diplomacy is a direct contribution. English Press campaigns, whether they turn on "Dreadnoughts," or spies, or forts, or Turkish loans, are each and all of them worth so many votes to the German Reaction. The fear of foreign hostility, the nervousness over "penning-in," the doubt whether any honorable arrangement over armaments is possible, that is the factor which may check the coming Democratic triumph in Germany, and it is, we believe, the only factor of moment which threatens it. Nothing stands so clearly in the way of the success of the party of peace in Germany as the chance that the party of strife may prevail in England.

## Life and Letters.

### THE FIFTIETH CHURCH CONGRESS.

WE do not know whether there is any member of the present Church Congress who retains a living personal memory of the first of the series which this week celebrated its jubilee. If so, he has some cause to reflect not only on the changes which fifty years have brought, but on those which they have failed to bring. It is probable that Disestablishment loomed at least as near in the mind of the first Congress as in that of to-day. Those were the days when the Church was first learning to bestir herself in relation to modern needs, and how far she would be able to set her house in order must have been a question which the wisest of her sons would not have cared to answer. That she has, upon the whole, responded to the new call, that she has purged herself of abuses, and that her ministers as a body stand out as faithful and in many cases as devoted servants of the public weal, is the reason why Disestablishment remains the hypothetical problem to which Dr. Lang alluded. The privileges of the Church have been very narrowly circumscribed; and if we put aside the question of Wales, which stands on a different basis, we may admit the probability that any decisive movement of severance is more likely to arise from within than from without, that it is more likely to come from divergencies between State and Church law, such as would impose a burden on the consciences of an established clergy who must conform to law, than from any resentment of such privileges as an established clergy may yet claim.

But if the formal position of the Church has survived, the character of her teaching has undergone a marked change. Unable to resist the main current of modern tendency, her leaders set themselves more wisely to the task of accommodating the ideas of the Church to the new situation. Since 1861, the whole intellectual attitude of the civilised world has been revolutionised. In that year, "Essays and Reviews" were regarded as profound, original, and heretical. The sensation which that little volume created was a mark of the insularity and backwardness of English theology. But one of the epoch-making books of modern times was, in that year, still new, and its authority in the world of science still in doubt. The "Origin of Species" was only published in 1859, and it is pretty safe to say that in 1861 the great majority of churchmen still imagined the fate of their creed to be bound up with the geology of Genesis. Had it been so, the battle between religion and science must have been short, sharp, and decisive. This truth soon became apparent to the leaders of the religious world, and the period of conflict gave way to one of reconstruction. Such a turn of events was made possible by a circumstance of which it is probable that neither party at the time was fully aware, the circumstance that the new scientific teaching centred upon an idea which in another form, we may say in another incarnation, was already operative within the Church itself. The idea of Development became, from Darwin's time, the leading conception in scientific, and soon in popular, thought. But, in the hands of Newman, the idea of Development had already been made the groundwork of a new conception of the Church, and, as such, it was destined to undermine more surely than any logical refutation the older ideas of plenary inspiration and final truth. It was through this conception that the possible discovery of a common line appeared, upon which the religious and scientific spirit might conceivably co-operate. It is, at any rate, by the utilisation of this idea that both of them have since made their most noteworthy advances.

The materials for the study of development in religion were, indeed, most imperfect in 1861. The study of comparative religion was not then in its infancy. It was not born. The conditions of its genesis were not fulfilled. For this purpose it was necessary to have available for modern scholars not merely the inquiries of anthropologists into the religions of the lower culture, but trustworthy editions and translations, with adequate

critical exegesis, of all the great religious documents of the world. This work has been slowly but nobly performed for English scholars in the great series of Sacred Books of the East, which enables the student without any impossible union of linguistic study with the faculty of critical appreciation to examine and compare for himself the Brahmanic metaphysics, the critical and mystical systems of the Chinese thinkers, the melancholy beauty of early Buddhism, the rude eloquence of the Koran, and the half-barbaric splendor of the Zend Avesta. Along with Indian, Chinese, Arabic, and Persian lore the fantasies of the still earlier religions of Babylon and Egypt were spelt out from monuments and papyri, from Pyramidal inscriptions tinged with cannibalism to the blending of magic and ethics in the Book of the Dead. Meanwhile the spirit of savage and barbaric religion became fairly plain in the comparative study of men like Professor Tylor, and the line of development marking the advance from early to developed thought was dimly shadowed forth. Lastly, the critical study of the Old Testament broke down the barriers of tradition, and the movement among the Hebrews was seen in its true light as a stage in a wider and nobler development. Such are the conditions which in our own time have enabled men to regard religion in general from a new point of view. They do not settle the question of the truth or fallacy of specific doctrines. It is not within the competence of the comparative method to determine issues of that order. It has established the genuineness and permanence of the religious spirit as an essential factor in the life of humanity. It assigns to it a clear and intelligible function in the process of human evolution. It demonstrates the relative insignificance of form, and summons men to concentrate attention on the essence and the spirit. In this way comparative religion not merely sets the phenomenon of the religious spirit on a positive basis, but prepares the world to approach the final question in a new spirit and a more catholic temper.

The reaction of these profound changes of mental atmosphere on the Church itself has, perhaps, not been what an onlooker would have predicted. The immediate effect both of the idea of development in general and of the comparative study of religion in particular was to threaten the belief in direct and final revelation, and particularly the belief in the literal truth of the Biblical text. These results were felt more keenly by the evangelical forms of Christianity than by any other, while on the other side the idea of development within the Church was more readily accommodated to those claims of sacerdotalism which were already being urged before the scientific movement was well under weigh. If truth is not given finally in a document, but is a spirit moving among those who will hearken to it, and growing in meaning and value from generation to generation, it is natural to look to the tradition built up, maintained, and handed on by the succession of the wisest and best, for guidance and continuity. From this to the narrower conception of the Church as meaning the special body to which the believer by tradition belongs, and in particular the priestly heads of the Church, is only a step, and a step which it is but too natural to take. It has many consequences. One of them is the desire in this country to prove the vital continuity of the Established Church with the Churches supposed to have been founded by the Apostles, and as a further consequence to return to primitive practices and to assert early medieval principles in ethics as the eternal law of the Church. Reflection should show that the conception at work here is not the fruitful one of development, but the barren one of continuity, and that a Church which returns to ideas which the most advanced nations threw off in the sixteenth century will end by cutting itself off from the world. That this reflection has occurred to the wisest Churchmen we have little doubt. The Church of the future must stand or fall not by the authority of the past, but by its success in meeting the needs of the present—needs social, ethical, religious. In the day of its judgment men will ask of it not whether its teaching would have been approved by Jerome or Augustine, nor whether its ceremonies conform to the rubrics, nor whether its Bishops share with those of Rome the questionable suc-



cession from St. Peter, but whether it has sought social justice and international right dealing; whether it has restrained the strong, succored the distressed, and helped men and women to lead healthful, happy, and noble lives.

#### "MR. DOOLEY."

It stands to reason that the best practical philosopher in America should be an Irish saloon-keeper in the Bowery. There are, no doubt, other occupations which afford coigns of vantage for observing human nature. The doctor, the clergyman, the lawyer, get many opportunities for stolen glimpses into the interior recesses revealed in emergencies of body, soul or estate, when the coverings of conventional behavior are thrown aside. The estate-agent, the car-conductor, the dentist, the policeman, are also brought into personal relations with all sorts and conditions of men favorable to philosophic study. Though this contact with single specimens is slighter and more casual, it will enable an imaginative man to construct a far more accurate map of life than is possessed by most of those who expound humanity from academic chairs, or in the novel. But none of these can compete with the all-round competence of the saloon-keeper. For, while they are likely to be deceived by a narrow angle of vision or confused by mere numbers, the relations of the saloon-keeper with his "customers" make for a fuller understanding. Human nature is taken off guard, *épandue*. There is leisure and an atmosphere favorable to a loosening of tongues. For though upon the surface a down-town saloon in New York City is as far removed as possible from the old conception of an inn in which men "took their ease," it still retains some of the immemorial characteristics. Here public opinion is focussed and finds expression, the latest town news is registered, the truths about their feelings which men tell neither on platforms nor in the parlor come tumbling out. *In vino veritas*: not indeed the whole truth, but those fears and affections, prejudices, interests, and intimations of nobility and meanness by which a man "gives himself away." It will, no doubt, be said that even this view of humanity is partial. There is a humanity which does not frequent saloons, a worthier type. Nay, there are many other sorts of Americans than the dwellers round "Archey Road," whose experiences "Mr. Dooley" gathers in for the staple of his "philosophy."

We prefer to describe "Mr. Dooley" as philosopher rather than as humorist, partly because in his new treatise, "Mr. Dooley Says" (Heinemann), he claims the title, partly because it seems less offensive to expound his wisdom than to explain his wit. The peculiar merits of the situation for a laughing philosopher can hardly be over-estimated. It might even be contended that nobody but an Hibernian publican in a great American city could work the richest veins of humor in the great tragi-comedy of Anglo-Saxon civilisation. Mr. Bernard Shaw, we believe, defends himself against the charge of paradox by a general countercharge of topsy-turvydom against the public. In such a case the man born with an eye for seeing things right-way-up will necessarily seem an arch-paradoxist. Perhaps there is something in the idea that Irishmen, living, as they do, about the world at such close quarters with an Anglo-Saxondom to which they never can conform, will see its follies, eccentricities, and inconsistencies better than any other people. To a keen-witted Irishman, the prosperous, respectable, self-respecting, efficient, managerial Anglo-Saxon, taking himself seriously or "doing good" to other people, is an irresistible fund of amusement. He walks behind us like a street-urchin behind the swell, half in imitative admiration, half in conscious mockery of dress, deportment, pride of personality. Now, in some ways, the great American spectacle is a finer revelation than anything on this side. Its respectabilities are not so dull, its missions and professions are bolder and more dramatic, its achievements and events more blatant. There is nothing here to match an American political parade, a millionaire's show-dinner, a Tammany judge, a Sunday

newspaper, or a lynching party. There is, indeed, much that is not Anglo-Saxon, that is grafted on from Germany, Poland, Norway, Italy. But the stock in this "great ethnic stew" remains British, the foreign elements are only flavoring. To "Mr. Dooley" and his friends, "Hogan," "Hennessey," and the like, the life round them is a fascinating game in which they take an occasional hand, and a not unprofitable one. It belongs to this philosophy not to take anything too seriously. This pretence that life is a game helps to relieve the bitterness to which satire tends, it imparts a geniality to the exposure of the most noxious humbug, and puts healing balm into the sharpest thrusts.

"Mr. Dooley" sees the large moves in the game of politics. His method of dealing with phrases is to interpret them into close facts. Several of his essays are concerned with Imperialism and the American mission to "elevate" the subject races. He speculates as to whether the subject races may not come out top.

"'Twas 'Maharajah Sewar, swing the fan quicker, or I'll have to roll over f'r me dog-whip.' 'Higgins Sahib,' says Maharajah Sewar, 'Higgins Sahib, beloved iv Gawd an' Kipling, ye'er punishments ar-re th' nourishment iv th' faithful. My blood hath served thine f'r many generations. At last two. 'Twas thine old man that blacked my father's eye, an' sint my uncle up f'r eighty days. Hoo will ye'er honor have th' accursed swine's flesh cooked f'r breakfast in th' mornin' when I'm through fannin' ye?' But now, says Hogan, it's all changed. Iver since the Roosies were starved out of Port Arthur and Portsmouth, th' wurrud has passed round, an' ivy naygur, from lemon color to coal, is bracing up—Hogan says that . . . in a few years I'll be takin' in laundry in a basement instead iv occupyin' me praint imperyal position, and ye'll be settin' in front iv ye'er little pickahinnies rollickin' on th' ground, an' wondhrin' whin th' lynchin' party'll arrive."

The Tariff is appropriately treated by a consideration of articles upon the free list:—

"There was a gr'eat struggle over canary bur-rd seed. Ripsinitives iv th' Chicago packers insisted that in time canary bur-rds cud be taught to eat pork-chops. Manny Sinitors thought that th' next step wud be to take th' duty off cuttle-fish bone, an' thus strike a blow at th' very heart iv our protective system. But Sinitor Tillman, who is a gr'eat frind iv th' canary bur-rd, an' is never seen without wan perched on his wrist, which he has taught to swear, put up a gallant fight fir his protégées, an' thousands iv canary bur-rds sang with a lighter heart that night."

Again, what a wealth of economic wisdom is condensed into the following:—

"Th' other mornin' I was readin' th' pa-pers about th' panic in Wall Shreet, an', though I've nivir seen annything all me life but wan contynal panic, I felt low in me mind ontill I looked up an' see ye go by with ye'er shovel on ye'er shoulder, an' me heart leaped up. I wanted to rush to th' tillygraft office and wire me friend, J. Pierpont Morgan, 'Don't be downcast. It's all right. I just see Hinniesy go by with his shovel.'"

Even the savagest thrust is mollified by the Hibernian brogue. Is it because it conveys, perhaps erroneously, to the Anglo-Saxon reader the notion that it does not quite mean all it says? Or is there something essentially humorous in the process of poisoning "the fount of justice"?

"I waive me right to be tried be an incorruptible, fair, an' onprejudiced judge. Give me wan that's onfair an' prejudiced, an' that ye can slip somethin' to."

Put this into English, all the humor goes. Why! Perhaps the answer to that question would be worth a whole volume on "The Saxon and the Celt." There are some who find the essence of Irish wit in the "bull," which they think convincing testimony of a voluble loose-mindedness that, practised in profusion, must yield a certain percentage of humorous contradictions. But no one can doubt that "Mr. Dooley's" humor is genuinely Irish, and that its essence consists in flashes of miraculously suggestive illustration. In the great trouble about the admission of Japanese into California, it was complained that grown-up Orientals sought right of entry to the public schools. "Mr. Dooley" visualises in this a "Jap'nese pupil combin' a set iv grey whiskers an' larnin' 'Mary had a little lamb'."

In "Mr. Dooley's" art, as in all good stories, everything depends upon the happy ending. But he seldom relies upon sheer exaggeration for his surprise, as is so common among humorists who are not philosophers. Generally, he leaves your laughter some thought to feed upon. Discoursing on "Things Spiritual" in relation



to the discovery of a "fellow up in Matsachoosatts" how to "weigh" the human soul, he finishes a really vivid lesson in psychology by the most sagacious criticism of spiritualistic evidence we have ever met. "My aunt seen a ghost wanst," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ivrybody's aunt has seen a ghost," said "Mr. Dooley."

Since "Hosea Biglow" died no American has worked so rich a vein of satire to such wholesome purposes. That an Irish saloon-keeper in New York should have taken up the rôle of the extinct New England farmer, directing the same acute attacks of sanity to the same sorts of public perfidy or private folly, is a curious instance of continuity in national art.

### ON CHRISTIAN NAMES.

A curious chapter might be written on the history of Christian names. The only name recognised by the Church is, of course, the baptismal name, the *nomen* or *nomina* given to the child by its god-parents at the font. According to ecclesiastical rule, this should be the name of a Saint. The Saint whose name the child bears is its patron, and the saint's day, or "name day," is kept in the East as in the West instead of, or as well as, the birthday.

The Greek and Roman converts to Christianity did not lay aside their pagan names when they were baptised, to take instead names drawn from the Old or even from the New Testament. This was, no doubt, intentional, to emphasise the fact that the Church was universal, not merely Jewish. So the earliest martyrs had names like Laurence, Clement, Sebastian, Agnes, Cecilia, Catherine—names which became to the Church hardly, if at all, less sacred than the Hebrew names of Scripture. By degrees the custom grew up of naming children after some saint, either a personage of the New Testament, or a martyr of the first centuries. The first became common in the middle of the fourth century. The long and glorious roll of the martyrs of the Ten Persecutions gave names enough to choose from—names which long afterwards the Puritans, in their endeavor to Judaize Christianity, objected to as "Gentile names."

The vast majority of the names given to European children are thus literally "Christian" names, names fraught with Christian associations. They are the names either of actual persons of the Gospel story, or of those by whose suffering and whose love it was carried all over the world. The memory of the earlier tradition, of course, never died out, but, especially in Italy, was kept alive by names like "Cesare." The Pagan names were brought into favor by the Renaissance, as the Jewish ones were by the Reformation. The Renaissance and the Reformation were a separation of two elements which had been reconciled in the Christianity of the Church. Some few names have survived of which the associations are wholly Pagan. Such are "Hercules" and "Diana." But it is a thing unheard of for a Christian child to be called "Apollo" or "Bacchus," "Juno," or "Venus."

There are a few widely used names which do not call up a distinctly Christian impression. The archetypal "Alexander" is he of Macedon, and the essential "Charles" is Charlemagne. The last-named was, of course, a Christian, but hardly a saint. But how many boys all over Christendom in all ages have had Alexander the Great for a kind of heathen godfather, from "Sandro" in Florence to "Sandie" in Aberdeen! We do not forget that there is an "Alexander" in that most ancient list of names recited in the Mass, but this obscure martyr could hardly have produced much impression, though his existence would, doubtless, be enough to justify the use of the name. "Roland" and "Oliver," again, are names not of saints, but of heroes of chivalry. They bring through the long centuries an echo of Roncesvalles. This echo, it must be confessed, is now very faint. Books tell us that "to give a Roland for an Oliver" is an English proverb, but we never remember to have heard it. How deeply the conquerors of old time impressed the popular mind is shown

by the names given to the four kings in the pack of cards, still printed upon them in every French pack. David, always represented with his harp, is the King of Spades, Cæsar, the King of Diamonds, Alexander, the King of Clubs, and Charles, the King of Hearts. We remember the thrill with which we once saw over a cobbler's shop in a Picardy village, the royal legend "Charlemagne." He is the Charles of "Charles's Wain." "Arthur" is another widely used name drawn from romance. The names of the Knights of the Round Table, even Lancelot, never became very popular, and probably no Christian child was ever called "Morgan" after Arthur's sister, the witch. The name of Guinevere has survived in the Cornish "Jennifer." An old-world name, beautiful in itself, and fraught with glorious associations, Pagan and Christian, is "Helen," the name of Helen of Troy, fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars, the tradition of whose loveliness has filled two thousand years, borne long afterwards by the mother of Constantine, St. Helen, who found the Cross. When a little girl is christened "Nellie," according to the illiterate modern practice of giving diminutives as Christian names, all this wealth of romance is lost.

All over Christendom, of course, the name of "Mary" was loved and venerated above all others. In all parts of Catholic Europe it is constantly given to boys, generally in connection with "John." "Jean-Marie" is the commonest of boys' names in France. "Johann Maria Farina," emblazoned on the eau-de-Cologne bottles, is an example that will occur at once to everyone. The name "Mary-Anne," to us so full of hopelessly vulgar associations, was originally a beautiful devotional memorial of Our Lady and her mother. When one remembers this, what a difference it at once makes in the very sound of the words! In old France, and especially in Brittany, "Anne" was a name often given to boys, as, for example, Anne de Montmorency. "Rosamond" is, of course, "the rose of the world"—"rosa mystica, rosa mundi." The French "Reine" is the "Regina" of the Litanies. "Assunta," "Annunziata," and the like are common in Italy. "Dolores" commemorates the "Seven Sorrows." "Mercedes" and "Pilar" again are used as Christian names in Spain. The reference in each case is to the Virgin—in the latter to the "Virgin of the Pillar" at Saragossa.

In South America, and in some parts of Europe, notably in Portugal, the Holy Name of Jesus is sometimes given to children; but this has never been very common. "Salvatore" is often used in Italy, as, for example, Salvatore Rosa. "Emmanuel," the name in which the Mystery of the Incarnation is enshrined, is common both in Catholic and Protestant Europe. Immanuel Kant, Immanuel Swedenborg, are instances in the North. As "Manuel" it is very common in Spain and Portugal. The French "Noël" is a contraction of the joyful shout, "Emmanuel," repeated in hymns and carols at Christmas time. The Vulgate, by the way, renders "Joshua" as "Jesus." "Per Jesum Nave stetit sol contra Gabaon," says the Office Book, "quia in Jesum futurum agnoscebat typum et Nomen." "The sun stood still because it recognised the type and the Name." The French "Anatole," for which we have no English equivalent, means, of course, "the East," "the Brightness of His Rising."

The Crusaders brought back with them from the East many names, such as "Baptist" and "Jordan." Giordano Bruno is the bearer of the latter best known to history. The names of the Three Kings, almost unknown in this country, are widely used all over Europe. The writer remembers being told one 6th of January by an Italian barber that the three names together were like a song—"Gaspere, Melchiorre, Baldassare." Let the reader try the rhythm for himself. There was a curious custom of chalking up these names on the Feast of the Epiphany on the walls of churches and houses with chalk that had first been blessed in church. This is probably the origin of the old French phrase, "It is a day to be marked with blessed chalk."

The giving of a name implies the keeping in remembrance of someone who has borne it before, and so the

greatest of curses is that found so often in the Psalms, "I will put out their name," "I will not make mention of their names within my lips." The names of heretics like Arius and Nestorius were thus "put out," and never "made mention of" at any Christian font. "Julian," however, held its own, in spite of the apostasy of its great bearer. It was forbidden by the Church to baptise a child by the name of Judas. "Thaddeus" must be used for the Apostle St. Jude. Talking of the names of the Apostles, "Thomas" has probably always been the most popular of English names. It, of course, received a second consecration from the life and martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which so profoundly moved our medieval forefathers. It is a curious fact that no Pope has ever assumed the name of "Peter." The "Prophecies of St. Malachy," first published in 1595, says: "In the last persecution Peter the Second will sit and feed his flock amid great tribulations, which, having been passed through, the Seven-hilled City will be destroyed, and the tremendous Judge will appear."

#### THE SILENCE OF "JARGE."

THERE is a light on the village green. It shines from a gaudily enamelled van, on the tailboard of which a young man is rapidly shouting himself hoarse. He might almost be talking to the empty valley. Within the circle of the light there are only a few children, two lean youths and an old man hard of hearing. There are others scattered about within hearing, though scarcely within sight. A wall twenty yards away offers a convenient prop, and there reposes the largest group of the audience. The friendly shadow of a tree covers certain shy persons, of whom one is a woman. Down the village street men lean over the walls of their own domains, for they are near enough to catch what is said without having to demean themselves by appearing too anxious. In the still, pure air of our valley we can, even at a distance of half a mile, hear such well-rolled phrases as "Tariff Reform" and "The Unionist Party." So the speaker sows on, more than usually at random, and hoping that somewhere or other what he says may bear fruit.

There is not anywhere any sign to show which of the seed is the more acceptable. Nothing excites a cheer or groan, or the remotest sign of assent or dissent. "Hear all and say nowt" is assuredly the motto of our village, though it does not happen to be in Yorkshire. There is no adventure in the oratorical question, no risk in the pause, no chance of brilliance on an interruption. There is only an air of "Go on. Zay what thee hast to say, and then go hoam and let us think it over." Jarge is always thinking it over—that is the worst of him, say the young men of the two-and-forty Tory vans that have gone out to hold ten thousand meetings in a country already squeezed of its last Unionist vote. You might as well talk to his elms and his beeches, for all the outward sign you will get as to whether the expenditure on your van is justified.

What manner of thing does Jarge think, behind his exasperating silence? First of all, he wonders why these young men come in their gaudy vans all the way from London to talk to the simple country folk. What do they want from us? We know well the manner of him who wants. Even the squire and the parson, who have much of our own honesty, allow us to see when they are extra nice that they will presently ask for some favor. These people are rather more like the cheapjack who talks and talks till you are giddy, and then "does" you if he can. If we listen long enough we shall get a glimpse of what these young men are after. They say they only want to make us rich by helping us to get a better price for our wheat. That is the patent double-bladed, corkscrew knife, not the price we have to pay for it. But let us see what sort of a knife it is. We needn't tell him, but a two-shilling tax on wheat only amounts to ten shillings more on the acre. Nor need we tell him that wheat is grown from wheat, and that the extra cost of our seed will reduce that ten shillings to nine, and that more wheat grown means more manure

wanted, and a higher price to pay for it, and that dearer bread means either less food for the laborer or higher wages to pay for ploughman, reaper, thresher, carter, and the makers of everything that is used on the farm.

The orator tries the unresponsive waters with every fly in his book, even with those he had mentally determined to keep apart for other streams. He says that Free Trade has knocked down rents by £15,000,000. Not a sign from his audience to show that here is a little light at last on the situation. Protection is going to send rents up. There goes whatever is left of our ten shillings an acre double-bladed corkscrew knife. It must be true, then, that the President of the Tariff Reform League has more than a million acres of land, and the chairman as much as would make a half-mile strip forty miles long. Don't tell him what we think, but let him go on. "No, Zur, no questions to ax; but you go on and tell us zummat else." And the orator, quite unconscious of the effect, tells them that he wants a tax on motor-cars, on pianos, and many other things that plainly indicate that agricultural machinery is as likely to be taxed as anything else. Not being discouraged as he would be in a town by outeries of protest, he goes on to say that Great Britain produces from a dozen taxes on things we cannot produce three millions more than Germany gets from a thousand protective taxes. That makes us think incidentally that Germany must be a desperately poor country, and also that Tariff Reformers want to tax a thousand articles of which nine hundred and eighty will be against us and only twenty in our favor. That's the price of the corkscrew knife. They want us silly chawbacons to help the town manufacturer to get taxes on their goods so that they can make us pay them more for everything we buy. But still we don't say anything. We go on waiting for the next bit of news.

It takes a long time to get the whole story out of these sly young men from London. By and by it transpires that the townsman is to get a ten per cent. tax. The gentleman kindly explains that this means a shilling on every ten shillings' worth, two shillings on a sovereign's worth. We are to get only two shillings on—two pounds' worth, for wheat is near forty shillings a quarter. Here's a fine problem, then, to turn over in our spare moments. We are to get a shilling in the pound profit on twenty things—till the landlord puts the rent up—and against us is to be put a tax of two shillings in the pound on nine hundred and eighty things. We receive on twenty, and pay on two thousand. The blades of the knife are soft iron, the corkscrew is bent, and the price of it is a hundred pounds. What a good thing we kept silent and let the young man do all the talking. And now the young man is quite hoarse. He winds up the meeting, still getting no questions, and goes into the van to write an account of the rousing time he has had.

The silence of the countryman is not of deliberate policy but instinctive. It is bred in him from long communion with the silent fields and from a racial experience in which taciturnity has always paid. Opinion is contraband in the country and, therefore, the countryman has learnt to keep it secret. But no deep wisdom could have served the countryman better than his instinctive habit of hearing all and saying nothing. It is useless to argue with the young men in the Tariff Reform vans. If you show them that higher prices are not desirable, they declare that their policy will make prices lower. If you tell them that protective taxes bring poor revenue, they tell you that they miraculously increase employment, and, if you deny that, they say that they at once keep the goods out and make them pay for coming in.

The countryman, partly by remaining silent, gets his Tariff Reform pure. There is not the least question in the villages but that protection will raise prices. If it did not, a tax on corn would not be of the least good to the countryman. He holds that one fact clear, whereas, in spite of his vehemence, the townsman sometimes doubts it. The countryman would know, if the unemployment argument were to be used with him, that higher prices mean fewer sales, and fewer sales employ fewer



hands. He would know, if necessary, that fewer hands mean lower wages, and thus, by double consequence, fewer things sold and still lower wages. The countryman cannot be bewildered by the Colonial preference argument, because he, and not the townsman, is asked to pay for encouraging the farmer beyond the seas. You cannot turn on the Imperial unity tap to a silent audience. You can only talk personal gain, to people like that. And, if you cannot show quite clearly that the measure you propose is going to result in definite good and no harm, you may as well not talk at all. You cannot get the countryman into the state of mind common in the towns where, not seeing at all how the panacea is going to work, he says "Let's give it a trial." Jarge does not work by blind chance. His life has too much to do with practice for that. He will vote his soul away to oblige the squire, but he is never going to be made enthusiastic by the young man in the Tariff Reform van.

## Short Studies.

### "THE DAILY ROUND, THE COMMON TASK."

MR. CLARKSON, of the Education Office, was enjoying his breakfast with his accustomed equanimity and leisure. Having skimmed the Literary Supplement of the "Times," and recalled a phrase from a symphony on his piano, he began opening his letters. But at the third he paused in sudden perplexity, holding his coffee-cup half raised. After a while the brightness of adventurous decision came into his eyes, and he set the cup down, almost too violently, on the saucer.

"I'll do it!" he cried, with the resolute air of a Shackleton contemplating the Antarctic. "The world is too much with me. I will recover my true personality in the wilderness. I will commune with my own heart and be still!"

He rang the bell hurriedly, lest his purpose should weaken.

"Oh, Mrs. Wilson," he said, carelessly, "I am going away for a few days."

"Visiting at some gentleman's seat to shoot the gamebirds, I make no doubt," answered the landlady.

"Why, no; not precisely that," said Mr. Clarkson. "The fact is, Mr. Davies, a literary friend of mine—quite the best authority on Jacobean verse—offers me his house, just by way of a joke. The house will be empty, and he says he only wants me to defend his notes on the 'History of the Masque' from burglary. I shall take him at his word."

"You alone in a house, sir? There's a thing!" exclaimed the landlady.

"A thing to be thankful for," Mr. Clarkson replied. "George Sand always longed to inhabit an empty house."

"Mr. Sand's neither here nor there," answered the landlady, firmly. "But you're not fit, sir, begging your pardon. Unless a person comes in the morning to do for you."

"I shall prefer complete solitude," said Mr. Clarkson. "The calm of the uninterrupted morning has for me the greatest attraction."

"You'll excuse me mentioning such things," she continued, "but there's the washing-up and bed-making."

"Excellent athletic exercises!" cried Mr. Clarkson. "In Xenophon's charming picture of married life we see the model husband instructing the young wife to leave off painting and adorning herself, and to seek the true beauty of health and strength by housework and turning beds."

"There's many on us had ought to be beauties, then, without paint nor yet powder," said the landlady, turning away with a little sigh. And when Mr. Clarkson drove off that evening with his bag, she stood by the railings and said to the lady next door: "There goes my gentleman, and him no more fit to do for himself than a babe unborn, and no more idea of cooking than a crocodile!"

The question of cooking did not occur to Mr. Clarkson till he had entered the semi-detached suburban residence with his friend's latchkey, groped about for the electric lights, and discovered there was nothing to eat in the house, whereas he was accustomed to a biscuit or two and a little whisky and soda before going to bed.

"Never mind," he thought. "Enterprise implies sacrifice, and hunger will be a new experience. I can buy something for breakfast in the morning."

So he spent a placid hour in reading the titles of his friend's books, and then retired to the bedroom prepared for him.

He woke in the morning with a sense of profound tranquillity, and thought with admiration of the Dean of his College, whose one rule of life was never to allow anyone to call him. "This is worth a little subsequent trouble, if, indeed, trouble is involved," he murmured to himself, as he turned over and settled down to sleep again. But hardly had he dozed off when he was startled by an aggressive double-knock at the front door. He hoped it would not recur; but it did recur, and was accompanied by prolonged ringing of an electric bell. Feeling that his peace was broken, he put on his slippers and crept downstairs.

"What do you want?" he said at the door.

"Post," came a voice. Undoing the bolts, he put out a naked hand. "Even if you are the post," he remarked, "you need not sound the Last Trumpet!"

"Davies," said the postman, crammed a bundle of proofs into the expectant hand, and departed.

Mr. Clarkson turned into the kitchen. It presented a rather dreary aspect. The range and fire-irons looked as though they had been out all night. The grate was piled with ashes, like a crater.

"No wonder," said Mr. Clarkson, "that ashes are the popular comparison for a heart of extinguished affections. Could anything be more desolate, more hopeless, or, I may say, more disagreeable? To how many a disappointed cook that simile must come home when first she gets down in the morning!"

He took the poker and began raking gently between the bars. But no matter how tenderly he raked, his hands appeared to grow black of themselves, and great clouds of dust floated about the room and covered him.

"This *must* be the way to do it," he said, pausing in perplexity; "I suppose a certain amount of dirt is inevitable when you are grappling with reality. But my pyjamas will be in a filthy state."

Taking them off, he hung them on the bannisters, and, with a passing thought of Lady Godiva, closed the kitchen door and advanced again towards the grate, still grasping the poker in his hand. Then he set himself to grapple with reality in earnest. The ashes crashed together, dust rose in columns, iron rang on iron, as in war's smithy. But little by little the victory was achieved, and lines of paper, wood, and coal gave promise of brighter things. He wiped his sweating brow, tingeing it with a still deeper black, and, catching sight of himself in a servant's looking-glass over the mantelpiece, he said, "There is no doubt man was intended by nature to be a colored race."

But while he was thinking what wisdom the Vestal Virgins showed in never letting their fire go out, another crash came at the door, followed by the war-whoop of a scalp-hunter. "I seem to recognise that noise," he thought, "but I can't possibly open the door in this condition."

Creeping down the passage, he said "Who's there?" through the letter-box.

"Milko!" came the repeated yell.

"Would there be any objection to your depositing the milk upon the doorstep?" asked Mr. Clarkson.

"Righto!" came the answer, and steps retreated with a clang of pails.

"Why do the common people love to add 'o' to their words?" Mr. Clarkson reflected. "Is it that they unconsciously appreciate 'o' as the most beautiful of vowel sounds? But I wonder whether I ought to have blacked that range before I lighted the fire? The iron-work certainly looks rather pre-Dreadnought! What I



require most just now is a hot bath, and I'd soon have one if I only knew which of these little slides to pull out. But if I pulled out the wrong one, there might be an explosion, and then what would become of the History of the Masque?"

So he put on a kettle, and waited uneasily for it to sing as kettles should. "Now I'll shave," he said, "and when I am less like that too conscientious Othello, I'll go out and buy something for breakfast."

The bath was distinctly cool, but when he got out there was a satisfaction in the water's hue, and, though chilled to the bone, he carried his pyjamas upstairs with a feeling of something accomplished. On entering his bedroom, he was confronted by his disordered pillow, and a bed like a map of Switzerland in high relief. "Courage!" he cried, "I will make it at once. The secret of labor-saving is organisation."

So, with a certain asperity, he dragged off the clothes, and flung the mattress over, while the bedstead rolled about under the unaccustomed violence. "Rightly does the Scot talk about sorting a bed!" he thought, as he wrenched the blankets asunder, and stood wondering whether the black border should be tucked in at the sides or the feet. At last he pulled the counterpane fairly smooth, but in an evil moment, looking under the bed, he perceived large quantities of fluffy and coagulated dust.

"I know what that is," he said; "That's called flue, and it must be removed. Swift advised the chambermaid, if she was in haste, to sweep the dust into a corner of the room, but leave her brush upon it, that it might not be seen, for that would disgrace her. Well, there is no one to see me, so I must do it as I can."

He crawled under the bed, and gathering the flue together in his two hands, began throwing it out of the window. "Pity it isn't nesting season for the birds," he said, as he watched it float away. But this process was too slow; so taking his towel, he dusted the drawers, the washing-stand, and the greater part of the floor, shaking the towel out of the window, until, in his eagerness, he dropped it into the back garden, and it lay extended upon the wash-house roof.

Tranquillity had now vanished, and solitude was losing some of its charm. It was quite time he started for the office, but he had not begun to dress, and, except for the kettle, which he could hear boiling over downstairs, there was not a gleam of breakfast. After washing again, he put on his clothes hurriedly, and determined to postpone the remainder of his physical exercise till his return in the evening.

Running downstairs, he saw his dirty boots staring him in the face. "Is there any peace in ever climbing up the climbing wave?" he quoted, with a sinking heart. There was no help for it. The things had to be cleaned, or people would wonder where he had been. Searching in a cupboard full of oily rags, grimy leathers, and other filthy instruments, he found the blacking and the brushes, and presently the boots began to shine in patches here and there. Then he washed again, and as he flung open the front-door, he kicked the milk all down the steps. It ran in a broad, white stream along the tiled pavement to the gate.

"There goes breakfast!" he thought, but the disaster reached further. Hastily fetching a pail of water, he soused it over the steps, with the result that all the whitening came off and mingled with the milk upon the tiles. A second pail only heightened the deplorable aspect, and he splashed large quantities of the water over his trousers and boots. He felt it running through his socks. It was impossible to go to the office like that, or to leave his friend's house in such a state.

He took off his coat and began pushing the milky water to and fro with a broom. Seeing the maid next door making great wet curves on her steps with a sort of stone, he called to her to ask how she did it.

"Same as other people, saucy," she retorted at once.

"Is that a bath-brick you are manipulating?" Mr. Clarkson asked.

"Bath-brick, indeed! What do you take me for?"

she replied, and continued swirling the stuff round and round.

After a further search in the cupboard, Mr. Clarkson discovered a similar piece of stone, and stooping down, began to swirl it about in the same manner. The stuff was deposited in yellowish curves, which he believed would turn white. But it showed the marks so obviously that, to break up the outlines, he carefully dabbed the steps all over with the flat of his hands. "The effect will be like an Academician's stippling," he thought, but when he had swept the surface of the garden path into the road, he scrutinised his handiwork with some satisfaction.

Hardly had he cleaned his boots again, washed again, and changed his socks, when there came another knocking at the door, polite and important this time. He found a well-dressed man, with tall hat, frock coat, and umbrella, who inquired if he could speak to the proprietor.

"Mr. Davies is away," said Mr. Clarkson, fixing his eyes on the stranger's boots. "I beg your pardon, but may I remind you that you are standing on my steps? I'm afraid you will whiten the soles of your boots, I mean."

"Thank you, that's of no consequence," said the stranger, entering, and leaving two great brown footprints on the step and several white ones on the passage. "But I thought I might venture to submit to your consideration a pound of our unsurpassable tea."

"Tea?" cried Mr. Clarkson, with joyous eagerness. "I suppose you don't happen to have milk, sugar, bread and butter, and an egg or two concealed about your person, do you?"

"I am not a conjuror," said the stranger, resuming his hat with some *hauteur*.

An hour later, Mr. Clarkson was enjoying at his Club a meal that he endeavored to regard as lunch, and on reaching the office in the afternoon he apologised for having been unavoidably detained at home.

"There's no place like home," replied his elderly colleague, with his usual inanity.

"Perhaps fortunately, there is not," said Mr. Clarkson, and attempting to straighten his aching back and ease his suffering limbs, he added, "I am coming to the conclusion that woman's place is the home."

## The Drama.

### A PROBLEM ROMANCE.

IN "The Man from the Sea" we have that saddest of spectacles—a good play gone wrong. Mr. W. J. Locke has spoilt a capital theme by treating it romantically and sentimentally instead of seriously and sincerely. Mr. Locke may reply that he is by habit and repute a writer of romance, and that romance has as good a right to exist as what I am pleased to call serious drama. "Criticism," he may say, "has no business to prescribe one form of art, and to proscribe another." That is true; and it is not in its romantic handling that the fatal weakness of the play lies. It is in the fact that, having chosen for his theme a serious problem of conduct, Mr. Locke, when the time comes, does not face it seriously, but fobs us off with tricks and evasions. We are willing enough to accept the breezy virtues of his "man from the sea," though we may wish that he would talk a little more like a human being. Up to the end of the second act we by no means despair of the play. It is only when the crisis arrives in the third and fourth acts that the author's psychology and his thought prove hopelessly inadequate to the task he has undertaken.

In a cathedral city known as Durdleham, Mr. Mark Averill and his wife, Daphne, have recently settled. Mrs. Averill has become immensely popular with the best people: the Dean and Chapter are never tired of intoning her praises. She is fertile in good works, without ostentation; and she has become the bosom friend of another charitable lady, a young widow, named Marion Lee,

who is hand in glove with the Dean and Chapter aforesaid. Into this sequestered precinct of Anglican respectability there suddenly drops from the sky—or, more precisely, from an island in the South Pacific—the Dean's brother-in-law, Jan Redlander. Jan is a rolling stone, who, in the course of some ten or twelve years, has gathered enough moss to justify him in coming home with the private intention of marrying the sweetheart of his boyhood, Marion Lee. Everything would be all right and comfortable, were it not that Mr. Redlander, on meeting Mrs. Averill in the Deanery garden, recognises in her an old acquaintance—the wife, in fact, of a scoundrel whom he knows to be serving a long term of imprisonment in Sydney, N.S.W. The inference—and it proves to be correct—is that she is not married to Dr. Averill. The doctor has rescued her from the misery and degradation of her marriage; and they are living a life of perfect mutual devotion, unsanctioned by the law. Now, to disturb this state of affairs is the last thing Jan would dream of; but, unfortunately, he and Daphne discuss the situation at the pitch of their voices in the Deanery garden, so that the truth comes to the ears of Marion Lee. Mrs. Lee is a lady whose code admits of no tampering with the proprieties. She has the sincerest affection for Daphne, whom she has hitherto considered the best of good women; but she cannot be accessory, even by silence, to this outrage on the moral law. To Daphne's amazement and horror, she declares that, unless the unhallowed union is at once broken up, she will "tell the Dean," which is assumed to be equivalent to driving Dr. Averill out of Durdleham.

Though brought about by questionable means, this is unquestionably a good situation, a possible and an interesting conflict. There is still plenty of conscientious cruelty abroad in the world, and it was well worth while to cast the searchlight of drama upon the soul-state of a Marion Lee. The difficulty of the theme lies in the fact that, without very skilful and ingenious treatment, the drama would tend to take the form of a mere debate, an exercise in social casuistry. Mr. Locke has avoided this danger by giving us no rational solution of the problem at all, but only a sentimental evasion of it. All reasoning he relegates to behind the scenes. We are given to understand that Jan Redlander has argued with Marion for a week without making any impression on her "crystallized conscience." She has actually written, but not dispatched, a letter to the Dean, revealing the deadly secret, when Jan decides to make a last heroic effort. As yet he has not formally declared his love for her; but he now does so, and meets with a passionate response on her part. Then he pulls a long face, and says in effect: "Good-bye for ever! We must never meet again! I can never marry you! I have a wife already! She is in a lunatic asylum—but what of that? Your principles will not permit you to accompany me to the South Seas. We shall drag out the wretched remains of our existence with the bulk of the world between us. Farewell! I leave you to Durdleham and to your conscience." It need scarcely be said that, just as he is leaving the room, she calls him back, rushes to his arms, and declares that she will renounce her salvation rather than his love. Of course, she will not send her letter to the Dean; prospective occupants of glass houses lose their taste for throwing stones. It is odd that at this point she should not suspect that Jan has tricked her; but she is a simple soul.

One may pretty confidently guess that this scene was the germ of Mr. Locke's play, the invention round which all the rest was built up. "Pharisaism burnt up in the fire of passion"—that was, no doubt, the formula of the theme as it presented itself to him. But the solution, if it can be called a solution at all, is essentially an immoral one. Marion Lee consents to keep Daphne Averill's secret, not because she is convinced that it would be mean, and meddlesome, and cruel, and idiotic to do otherwise, but because, having determined to be wicked herself, she feels bound to condone wickedness in other people. If this be not immorality, what is? The real merits of the case are ignored, or are discussed, without result, behind the scenes. It is assumed

that the audience will, without reflection or hesitation, sympathise with Jan Redlander's view of the matter, and hold the relation between Daphne and Dr. Averill justified by the circumstances. In other words, the solution of the problem is taken for granted, and the action of the play is reduced, in essence, to a study of feminine frailty—of Marion Lee's abandonment of principle at the call of passion. She is as far as ever from believing, with Jan Redlander, that marriage was ordained for man, not man for marriage. She is perfectly convinced that she is going to plunge into a life of sin; and, admitting (with difficulty) that this would be possible for the woman Mr. Locke has depicted, I cannot call it an edifying spectacle.

In the fourth act, the play degenerates into sheer puerility; Marion's intention of suppressing her letter has been frustrated by mistake, and the Dean has learnt the Averill secret. I had a wild hope that this genial ecclesiastic was going to take a common-sense view of the case, and administer a snub to Marion's officiousness. But not at all; his view is entirely conventional. An effort is made, by means of farcical mendacity, to convince him that the scandal is all a mistake; and just as this effort has definitely failed, a cablegram arrives announcing the death of Daphne's convict husband. Once more we all breathe freely. Addressing Daphne with chastened severity, the Dean says "You will be married at once, in London, by special licence, quite quietly"—one of the most ludicrous speeches, surely, ever uttered, even by a theatrical Dean. Daphne, to my infinite regret, resists the temptation to bid him mind his own business; and we are left happy in the assurance that the moral atmosphere of Durdleham will presently be purified, quite quietly, by special licence.

The man from the sea is the chief misfortune of "The Man from the Sea." In order to make a showy part for this hero of romance, whose share in the action is, or ought to be, quite subsidiary, Mr. Locke has neglected the essence of his theme. What is the essence of his theme? Surely the soul-state of Marion Lee—the process of thought and feeling through which she passes or ought to pass. But, as a matter of fact, there is no such process: there is only a sudden insurgence of sentiment which sweeps away prejudice and principle. The character is wholly unrealised, and therefore unsympathetic. She is intended to be a thoroughly "nice" woman, yet we never feel that she really suffers under the supposed necessity of blasting the happiness of her dearest friend. Such a miserable "duty" ought, surely, to have weighed in her mind to the exclusion of everything else; yet we see her, the moment after she has written the fatal letter to the Dean, talking gaily on the telephone to Jan Redlander, and quite ready for a love-scene with him. The real drama, in short, lies between the two women; and it is elbowed aside in order to give Jan the centre of the stage. This unreality, this insincerity, in the part of Marion affected the acting of Miss Nina Boucicault, whose sincerity is her finest gift. Again and again one felt that she did not quite know what to do with the character, because it did not ring true, and her sensitive imagination gave her no sure guidance. As for the part of Jan Redlander, it was from first to last a thing of romantic convention, deliberately remote from nature. Mr. Locke had laid himself out for fine writing, and his hero's eloquence was steeped in all the purple of the Pacific. I do not say that this convention is entirely inadmissible. If we accept plays in blank verse, why should we draw the line at plays in poetic prose? But this particular experiment could scarcely be reckoned successful. One felt in Jan's rhetoric the same defect as in Marion's emotion—it somehow rang insincere. Mr. Robert Loraine gave a bright, bravura rendering of the character which was, no doubt, just in the right key. Miss Beryl Faber was excellent as Daphne Averill, and Mr. A. Vane-Tempest supplied agreeable comic relief. The part of Jan Redlander's "valet," Monks, a sort of nautical Quasimodo, seemed to me to overstep the boundaries of sane romance.

WILLIAM ARCHER.



## Letter from Abroad.

### FINLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Nature is careless in distribution, or, if she follows any rule, it is the unphilanthropic habit of giving unto him that hath. In England, with our half-a-score of lakes, how we welcome the sight of their placid water! We hasten to show our delight by surrounding them with hotels, tea-gardens, bathing establishments, and the other evidences of our respect for natural beauty. A lake is so rare that we must needs cherish it and travel miles to stand upon its shore. How many lakes there are in Finland, perhaps no one knows, but a thousand is thought a good round number, and each of the thousand would make the picturesque fortune of any English county. Journey through Finland as you will, lake follows lake, and it seems hardly possible that each must have a name of its own, and count for something in its world, though for size it hardly surpasses Windermere.

It is the same with woods. We in England are glad enough of our little clusters of trees—our Bagley Wood and Savernake Forest, our thin strips of spinney and cover. But here is a land that stretches through six or seven degrees of latitude, and it is all wood where it is not water. It is all a forest of spruce, and Scotch fir, and birch, and aspen, and mountain ash, growing on granite knolls, and interspersed with the blue circles, or broad, white expanses of the lakes. And in this forest the elks roam wild—I have seen them within a few miles of Helsingfors itself—and there are many birds—capercailzie, ptarmigan, various kinds of grouse, woodpeckers, and divers. At this time of year, as you go north, the trees are seen in colors continually more violent—the birches brilliant orange, the mountain-ashes scarlet from head to foot, and the aspens almost as bright a red. But, except for this autumnal change, north is much like south, and, if you are so unhappy as to seek nothing but scenery, there is not much need to move from where you are, though in one or two places you may stare yourself bewildered at portentous rapids, or emulate distracted Russians by jumping into them.

Climb any high ground in the centre of Finland—I think none is over 1,000 feet, and very little is half as much—and, if you can rise above the trees, you will look far out on every side over lakes and forest, and more lakes and more forest, till the lines of low granite hills end upon the grey horizon, with nothing but the curve of the earth to break their repetition. But sometimes, near at hand, you may see a clearing in the woods, where a few peasant houses are scattered among small patches of rye and potatoes, or meadows rather thickly grazed by cows. And sometimes, by a lakeside, a clean, wooden town, wired over for telephones, electric light, and, perhaps, a tramway, may be gathered round a Lutheran church, built big enough to hold all the people who will be rowed by their women across the lakes from the wide district for Communion once a month. Perhaps an old castle may stand on an island rock; but there are few castles in this land so remote from the stream of history, and, much more likely, you will see a saw-mill for converting forests into the building material of London suburbs; or a pulping mill, into which the pines that have been slowly floated as rafts down the series of lakes are pushed, like the pigs at Chicago. Round spin the saws, down the gutter-shaft shoots the block (say two feet long), whirling knives strip off the bark, crushing rollers grind it to a liquid squash, it is passed like wafer over rolling cloths, women pick it off and hang it up like shirts to dry, it is baked in an oven of scorching air, it is piled into bales, and off it goes to England. Only one more pulping, and the tree is a newspaper—almost a newspaper, except for the writing.

In one place, some distance to the north, as well as the saw-mill and the pulping-mill, I found ironworks in full blast. The iron ore is dredged in the form of little pebbles from the bottom of the lake. That sounds rather prehistoric, and, indeed, the works are old. But the method has one advantage that, within three years

of a dredging, the bottom of the lake is said to be as rich in iron-ore pebbles as before; and, perhaps, the deep brown of the water may be caused by iron, for there is no peat here. In any case, the pebbles are smelted in the usual way, run off into pigs, and, in time, become convenient little threshing machines and other implements that peasants use, all constructed on the spot. Even in country districts there are other industries that I have not seen, and the export of butter always grows; but the real wealth of the land is the forest, and hitherto, in spite of all clearances, it has not been thought necessary to replant on any system. A few trees are left standing here and there, and in about twenty-five years, nature has grown a forest again. The timber rafts are enclosed into rough oblongs by tree-trunks lashed together, and on the front of the raft the timber men build a small platform with a little house on it. Then the whole lot is drawn down the lakes and channels by a steam tug, or warped up to an anchor that is rowed out in front, and then pulled upon by a rope attached to a windlass—the rate of progress being about as fast as mankind's in general.

Both workpeople and peasants appear to live for the most part in one room, the children sleeping on bedding laid upon the floor, and nearly all beds being made to fold together. But in most houses there is some kind of kitchen as well, and skilled workmen or foremen get three rooms or more. In all homes the vast edifice of the stove stands in the centre, but families do not appear to sleep on it, or even to sit on it, as in Russia. The houses are built of wood, with a moss lining between the boards. They are kept very clean, and hitherto have almost entirely escaped ornaments, though, no doubt, the commercial traveller will soon impose ornaments upon the inhabitants, together with gramophones in place of the plaintive traditional music, and hats in place of the white handkerchiefs that women wear. As is well known, according to the present law, no form of alcohol may be sold outside the towns, and most people appear to drink large quantities of milk. Even in the small town restaurants, the choice is given between milk and beer at lunch and dinner. But I have seen bottles going into the town to be filled with something stronger even than beer.

Two passions occupy the people's mind—education and patriotism. It is not too much to call their zeal for education a passion, though to us there may seem something a little pathetic in its hopes. Indifference to intellect with us is so old a habit, and our educated classes are so far removed from the earth and woods, that we cannot realise how noble a thing knowledge and intellectual power may appear, or how passionately they may be desired by men and women whose lives are spent in hewing timber or turning clods. I have seen that passion for knowledge among the Bulgarians of Macedonia, the Georgians of the Caucasus, and the Hindus of the Punjab. Here, too, it burns, and perhaps it always burns most brightly where it both is new and is threatened by some external and dominant power that may extinguish it by force. In every village or small town, you may be sure that the most important buildings are schools. Elementary schools, commercial schools, technical schools, Lyceums or classical schools, deaf-and-dumb schools, gymnastic schools—a town that would almost escape notice in our country will here have them all. There is at present no limit to the eagerness with which all classes, from the laborer and the peasant upward, pursue knowledge, and I suppose there is no other country in which such equal opportunity for every kind of knowledge, livelihood, and life is given to women. In Helsingfors the girls wear the little white caps of the undergraduate almost as much as men. In the schools they work side by side up to the highest course in every subject. Far out in the country I have seen a large building in a very beautiful situation, where about a hundred young peasants spend something like half the year acquiring knowledge entirely for its own sake while work on the fields or forests is slack; and about a third of them are women. I am told there are in the country forty similar schools for men and women peasants. It is strange.



Owing to a break-down upon the road, the village merchant at one small place took me into his house for the night. The parents were shrewd and kindly people, little above the small peasant class, but the daughter was what we call highly educated, speaking at least four languages, and studying physiology and other bodily sciences with a view to becoming a gymnastic teacher. Some people tell me a reaction against mental and unpractical knowledge is beginning. I cannot say. The zeal for every kind of training and every line of study still appears consuming, and musicians and artists can mention the Finnish names of composers, musical interpreters, and painters known throughout Europe. In architecture a peculiar style has lately grown up in the few larger towns, caught, I believe, originally from Glasgow, but now developing along rather decadent and symbolic lines that do not represent the national characteristics, though they give opportunities for the national granite. Here there may be some touch of infection from Russia's nervous intellectuality, or from Russian and even German tendencies to theory and abstraction. But, as a whole, the Finnish passion to win knowledge and follow the paths of thought is part of the country's nationality. It is in line with the determination to maintain that political and social freedom which up to this moment distinguishes the people here among European races.

And now both knowledge and the freedom without which knowledge is paralysed stand awaiting execution at the hands of the most baleful of existing Governments. We are accustomed to the irony of history, but it was a master-stroke of irony that placed Finland, with all her capacities for liberty, social experiment, and educational equality, under the clutch of Russia. In the Russian despotism's resolve to destroy the Finnish liberties, other motives may be combined—the imagined fear of some new Napoleon's attack upon St. Petersburg through Finland, the imagined fear of German encroachment on the Baltic, and the ultimate intention of absorbing Scandinavia into the Russian Empire. For the moment, one motive is predominant and sufficient; the Tsar's Government can no longer endure the presence of a widely educated, liberty-loving, and self-governing people upon the very frontier of its tyranny. That is sufficient motive for any breach of law and constitution, and before the necessities of despotism the hard-won honor of a higher civilisation must go down. As I write the Finnish Diet is assembling, perhaps for the last time in freedom.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Helsingfors, September 14th, 1910.

## Letters to the Editor.

### ENGLAND AND A PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was delighted to see the letter from Mr. Magalhaes Lima in your columns of last week. Mr. Magalhaes Lima is a well-known man in Portugal, and the proprietor, I think, of the great Republican paper, "O Seculo."

As such, he is entitled to speak with some authority as to the position of the Republican Party in Portugal.

When he writes about British opinion is where he begins to find himself in a skirt eleven yards long (he will know the allusion).

He commits himself to the statement that "In England especially, the Portuguese Republican Organisation is known and admired, as is also the manner in which they have developed civil education." I venture to say that not one Englishman in a hundred thousand had even heard that there were any Republicans in Portugal at all, till a month or two ago. As to the manner in which the Portuguese Republican Party has developed civil education, I am ready to give Mr. Magalhaes Lima any reasonable odds that there are not a hundred thousand out of the forty millions who have the faintest idea about education, civil or otherwise, in Portugal.

Six or seven weeks before the assassination of the late

King of Portugal I happened to be staying in the hotel at Busaco. In it there were a party of Republicans from Oporto. In a villa near the town, Mr. Franco, then the Prime Minister, was passing his holidays. Everyone told me (though I knew it before and from other sources), that the late King was most unpopular, and that the Prime Minister was execrated. I was informed that it was likely that the King would be forced to abdicate, and that the Prime Minister was in great danger of his life.

Thinking at least to interest (if not to amuse) the British public, I wrote to a leading London paper all that I had heard, whilst not vouchsafing for the truth of it. My article was rejected with contumely, and the editor wrote me a private letter, pointing out how imprudent it was to listen to people in the smoking-rooms of hotels, and informing me that King Carlos was adored by his subjects, and the Prime Minister was held in veneration, as the only honest statesman in the nation. The fact that King Carlos was an excellent shot was impressed on me, and I was told this quality went straight to the hearts of a nation of sportsmen. In regard to the Republicans from Oporto, the editor said, I must be mistaken, that there were no Republicans in Portugal, or that there never had been more than one, and that he, fortunately, had died, owing to the uncongenial atmosphere. It was a Liberal paper to which I had addressed my article. So positive was the editor in his brief, but high-toned, communication, that I had almost begun to doubt myself the existence of the microbe of Republicanism in the body politic of Portugal, when the assassination of the King and his eldest son, and the hunting-out of Mr. Franco, amidst the curses of three-parts of the nation, restored my belief.

No, Mr. Lima, England neither does justice to the Portuguese people, nor to any other people; she knows, I feel sure, nothing of the Republican Party in Portugal, and still less of its advances in civil education.

It would be a good thing if Mr. Lima could enlighten the British public a little in a series of letters, dealing with facts, and not with assertions. No man is better able to do it than is Mr. Lima, and I feel sure that after those letters quite a considerable section of the British public would really know something about the Republican Party in Portugal, and that their ignorance would be dispelled as to the real sentiments of the Portuguese people.

I think Mr. Lima will bear me out in saying that few peoples in Europe, with the possible exceptions of the Spaniards and the Norwegians, are more truly democratic and more ready for Republican institutions than are the Portuguese. I am uncertain if Mr. Lima wishes us to understand that there is a feeling against the House of Braganza in Portugal or in England. If in Portugal, I am delighted to hear it; but if he refers to England, I fear he is absolutely mistaken, for such is our ignorance of all things Portuguese, that I believe by far the greater majority of Englishmen still believe that the House of Braganza is idolised in Portugal. It is difficult for us to take in that a nation could really cherish any animosity against a royal house that has produced so many and such excellent sportsmen.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Ardoch, Cardross, N.B.

September 27th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Senhor Magalhaes Lima, in his interesting letter on England and a Portuguese Republic, writes: "The Republicans themselves are the first to proclaim the necessity of a solid alliance with England."

If this is the present attitude towards us of the Republican Party, I think that it must be of recent adoption. In a letter to the Portuguese Republicans holding their first joint banquet with the Republicans of Spain, Senhor Theophilo Braga, one of the leaders of the Republican Party, and well known through his works on the early history of his country, wrote commending an understanding with Spain, as offering Portugal the chance to free herself from her position, "chained to the robber and brutal yoke of England" ("Portugal acorrentado ao jugo expoliador e brutal da Ingla-

terra")\*; and I think that this used to represent the normal feeling of the Republicans of Portugal towards England.

It is very good if this attitude has now changed, for the sympathies of Liberals in this country must be with the Republicans in their effort to improve the social conditions of Portugal by spending more on education and less on show and sinecures.

It is also pleasant to learn "with what scrupulous honesty the Republicans have administered the municipal finances of Lisbon," but the results, to a casual inspection, are not quite obvious. A very great deal of improvement is required to bring Lisbon up to the normal standard of modern town life in such matters as cleanliness of streets and markets, paving, and water supply; though it must be admitted that the inhabitants of the capital appear to live far better than those of the country districts.

It is a pity that so intelligent and charming a people as the Portuguese should continue in a condition of poverty and illiteracy which is a disgrace to Europe.—Yours, &c.,

R. C. PHILLIMORE.

Battler's Green, Watford,  
September 26th, 1910.

### THE CONDEMNATION OF THE "SILLON."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The author of the letter signed: The Editor, "Catholic Herald," has no ground for saying that I "pose as an authority on Catholic matters." Heaven forbid that I should do so; there is but one authority on Catholic matters—the Pope, whose Encyclical, as your correspondent says, is quite clear, and, in the main, rigorously logical. No person of ordinary intelligence needs any other authority to enable him to understand it, and, if I could be sure that every reader of THE NATION had read the Encyclical in full, I should not take the trouble to reply to your correspondent's attempt to explain it away; an attempt in which he is careful not to give a single quotation from the document in question.

(1) Your correspondent says that "it is not true that the Church claims a paramount authority over the State." This assertion compels me to quote once more the oft-quoted Constitution *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII.:—

"Both swords, the spiritual and the material, are in the power of the Church, but the latter is to be wielded for the Church, the former by the Church; one by the hand of the priest, the other by the hand of kings and magistrates (or soldiers), but at the pleasure and suzerainty of the priest. One sword must be under the other; and the temporal authority must be subject to the spiritual power. . . . The spiritual power has to teach the earthly power, and to judge it, if it is not good. . . . Therefore, if the earthly power goes astray, it shall be judged by the spiritual power."

The editors of the "Catholic Dictionary" (from which this quotation is taken) say that the "ordinary opinion of Roman theologians," fully stated by Ferraris, is in accordance with the teaching of Boniface VIII. Everyone knows how the Papacy applied the principle so long as it had the power to do so. The Pope no longer has the power to depose rulers, but the Papacy has always maintained the principle, and "Catholics must all dissent from the view that there is an essential difference" between the principles of Boniface VIII. and those of Pius X., who speaks as follows in his recent Encyclical:—

"Even if their [the Sillonists'] doctrine had been exempt from error, they would have committed a very grave breach of Catholic discipline in obstinately withdrawing themselves from the direction of those who have received from heaven the mission to guide individuals and nations (sociétés) in the straight way of truth and right."

"Those who have received from heaven the mission to guide nations"; "the temporal authority must be subject to the spiritual power"; the principle is the same.

(2) Your correspondent says that "it is not true that the Papacy claims absolute obedience in political affairs." The quotation given above, addressed to an organisation whose objects were political and economic, is enough to show that Pius X. does not agree with your correspondent. The Pope's action shows it still more clearly. He has ordered this political and economic organisation to place itself under the direction of the Bishops, and he has done the same thing in Italy. Moreover, at the last Italian General Election,

Pius X. ordered Catholics to vote only when their Bishop permitted them to do so, and then only for the candidate designated by the Bishop. The editor of the "Catholic Herald," if I am correctly informed, has himself been publicly censured by the English Catholic Episcopate for having asserted his political independence of ecclesiastical authority.

Your correspondent denies that Leo XIII. ordered French Catholics to rally to the Republic, and says that he merely advised them to do so. The terms employed by Leo XIII. in his Encyclical of February 16th, 1892, and still more in his letter to the French Cardinals of May 3rd, 1892, bear a close resemblance to a command. Moreover, the "advice" was followed by the compulsory disappearance of the Catholic organisations directed by the Royalist Senator, M. Chesnelong, and by Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble, both of which were anti-Republican. It is true that Leo XIII. was not obeyed by the majority of French Catholics, but how does that give "the clearest proof" that he did not command? It only proves that Royalists and Imperialists had more backbone than "Catholic Democrats," and perhaps that they were conscious of being in accord with the "mind of the Church" (as subsequent events have shown), whereas the "Catholic Democrats" are obliged to admit that they are not. How could Leo XIII. enforce his command, so often repeated? Could he excommunicate several million Catholics, including most of those who provide the funds for ecclesiastical purposes? Papal absolutism depends ultimately on the docility of Catholics, who have not always and everywhere been the "docile flock of sheep" that they are to-day.

(3) Your correspondent says that "there is not, in any true sense of the term, a condemnation of real democracy" in this Encyclical or in any papal Encyclical. What is this real democracy which is not condemned, and wherein does it differ from the unreal and condemned variety? I am unable to discover in your correspondent's letter any information on this point. I can only get a hint from his remark that "to Mr. Dell and to those who think with him" democracy means something "which seems to exclude from the world that for which the Holy See stands—namely, God and His authority." Where has your correspondent found this strange notion? I have looked in vain through my former letter for any phrase which could suggest it. If I wished to exclude God from the world, I should not know how to begin to set about it. But I would remind your correspondent that the Encyclical is a condemnation, not of Mr. Dell, but of the "Sillon." He may pretend to think that I am an atheist; he cannot pretend to think that M. Sangnier and his friends are. The Pope, at any rate, is not so unjust; he admits that, according to the "Sillon," authority "emanates from God." The democracy condemned by the Encyclical does not, then, attempt to "exclude God from the world."

The Pope, says your correspondent, allows that those who exercise authority "may be chosen or elected by the people—by all the people." "If the authority is misused, those who exercise it may be deposed and others put in their places." Deposed by whom? By the Pope? No doubt. By the people? Certainly not, according to Leo XIII. and Pius X. Here is the quotation from the Encyclical *Diuturnum illud* of Leo XIII., which Pius X. makes his own (the italics are mine):—

"Large numbers of moderns . . . declare that all power comes from the people; that, in consequence, those who exercise power in society do not exercise it of their own authority, but by an authority delegated to them by the people, and on condition that it can be revoked by the will of the people, from whom they derive it. Quite contrary is the opinion of Catholics, who derive the right to command from God as from its natural and necessary principle."

Can anyone who does not agree with the "large numbers of moderns" (terrible fellows, these moderns) properly be called a democrat? Democracy must at least mean government by the people; the people does not govern unless the rulers derive their power from the people, are responsible to the people, and can be revoked by the people.

Here is the passage from the Encyclical, again a quotation from Leo XIII., which relates to popular election:—

"Those who preside over the government of the State may, in certain cases, be elected by the will and judgment of the multitude, without repugnance or opposition to Catholic doctrine. But, if this choice designates the ruler, it does not confer on him the authority to govern, it does not delegate

\* See "O Secolo," No. 4098 (xiii. anno).

the power, it designates the person who is to be invested with it."

Is this the democratic conception, or is not that conception rather contained in the following passage?—

"Authority, it is true, emanates from God, but it resides primordially in the people, and is distinguished from the people by the method of election, or rather of selection, without being thereby separated from the people or becoming independent of it; it is exterior, but only in appearance; in reality, it is interior, because an authority by consent."

This is one of the "errors" of the "Sillon," which the Pope condemns. For him civil and ecclesiastical authority are of the same nature, though the latter is superior to the former. Both are derived from God immediately, not merely ultimately through the channel of the community, and there is a divine right inherent in the ruler, who is responsible to God alone. The difference is one not merely of theory, but of vitally practical importance. It makes all the difference in the world whether the officers of the State are our masters, whom we are bound to obey, or our servants, whom we appoint to manage our collective affairs and can dismiss at will. M. Sangnier had distinguished between the civil authority, which ascends from below, and the authority of the Church, which descends from above. The Pope will have none of such a distinction, and he is more logical than M. Sangnier. Certain individuals may, for a time, persuade themselves that they can combine an absolutist ideal of the Church with a democratic ideal of the State, but the mass of men cannot possibly hold permanently two ideals so utterly irreconcilable. The universal triumph of Democracy, as the Pope recognises, would be fatal to the Papacy.

Perhaps you will allow me to complete my argument in a following letter.—Yours, &c.,  
ROBERT DELL.  
Paris, September 20th, 1910.

#### A PLEA FOR THE METRIC SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I most earnestly pray that you may find space in your columns to ventilate what is, I believe a most important national question—the introduction into England at the beginning of this reign of the metric system of weights and measures. Since this system was introduced in France, as an outcome of the great revolution, its very obvious merits have led to its adoption in nearly every other civilised country in the world. We alone cling to our antiquated and bewildering system, or, rather, list of systems, for their name is legion. We have troy weight, apothecaries weight, apothecaries measure, avoirdupois weight, wool weight, long measure and square measure, cubic measure, surveyor's measure, dry measure, ale and beer measure, wine measure, linen yarn and cotton yarn, and, last, but not least, miscellaneous, as butter, flour, coal, brickwork, land, nautical measure, lead, silk, old hay, corn, &c. With regard to this last, not one person in twenty can say how much a quarter of corn equals in lbs. Could anything be more confusing, more worrying, more wasteful of time and energy, more detrimental to our commercial interests and to our scientific progress? If one uniform scientific system has already received popular approval, and international, almost universal, support, why should we, who are not fond of a back seat, chose to take one in this instance, to the amusement and scorn of the whole world? The metric system has been in force throughout the German Empire since 1872, and has been adopted also by Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, Greece, Holland, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Roumania, Servia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, the Argentine, &c. Surely the objection of the altered value of the 1d. could be easily overcome by making our shillings the value of the French franc. I think this would be an inestimable advantage to the poor. They would value the tenpenny shilling as much as the twelpenny shilling, and this alone would ensure a marvellous progress in thrift. If the sovereign has to remain in its present value, could it not be the equivalent of twenty-five tenpenny shillings? I am sure the introduction of the American dollar would only lead to further extravagance and waste. Our present King has been christened "the Awakener." Let the nation respond to his appeal, and let us have an immediate and pacific revolution. Let us adopt the metric system of weights and measures, decimal coinage, and the centigrade

thermometer, and let us imitate foreign countries, and even our sister, Scotland, in treating as the most serious of all matters the education of the young. Let our public schools no longer remain what they are, so aptly described as "Institutions for teaching sport and a smattering of the dead languages, presided over by a gentlemanly amateur." Let us copy the splendid secondary schools of Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, so that our sons shall be as useful at home and as welcome in our Colonies as the sons of alien races.—Yours, &c.,  
M.P.

September 28th, 1910.

#### THE LENGTH OF THE NOVEL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reference to your article in THE NATION of last Saturday, treating of novels, and especially of their length, I think it is a mistake to suppose that the public desires short stories. One now before me has been taken out fourteen times in eight and a half months from the Clapham Library—"What He Cost Her," by James Payn. It numbers two hundred and three thousand words. Likewise, the libraries judge it expedient to provide two or three copies of greater authors, such as Dickens, Lytton, Reid, etc., whose works are even longer, while one copy is considered sufficient provision for the trash, generally half the number of words, turned out by most of the novelists of the day. That does not look like a decline in the taste for the longer works. It seems to me that the cause of the short novel is the publishers' pint pot, which is regulated wholly by commercial reasons which disregard both the public taste and the exigencies of a well-told story, which cannot be well told in eighty or a hundred thousand words. If a story of two hundred thousand words is presented to a publisher, without reading it he says, "Cut it down eighty or a hundred thousand words." Perhaps, however, commercial reasons necessitate pint-pot everything—pint-pot statesmen among other things. One wishes, however, that these should extend the principle to their speeches and their terminological inexactitudes, if not to their salaries and expenditure, which are decidedly quartous.—Yours, &c.,  
F. T. WARBURTON.

September 20th, 1910.

#### LIBERALS AND THE OSBORNE JUDGMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your leading article on the position of trades unions in view of the Osborne judgment does indeed raise the most vital issues. But it seems to us that your treatment of the subject overlooks the fact that there is a Liberal point of view as well as a Labor point of view. We are tempted even to wonder whether THE NATION is the organ of the Liberal or the Labor party.

Few Liberals would deny that "it is desirable that a reasonable number of workers, representing the great industries, should sit in the House of Commons," but not all Liberals, we imagine, would agree that the trade unions are the proper bodies to be entrusted with political power. As they are far from being politically homogeneous, the application of funds subscribed for well-understood purposes to the support of Parliamentary representatives pledged to an outside body to further principles which are obnoxious to a not inconsiderable proportion of the membership is an injustice so great that it is only wonderful that it has been endured for so long. In our view the Osborne judgment is based on sound law, sound common-sense, sound policy, and sound principle.

The true Liberal position surely is this—representation of Labor is of value, therefore let Labor pay its representatives; let the constituents maintain their member; and let the public funds provide for the election expenses of all candidates—Unionist, Liberal, and Labor.

This plan would obviate another anomaly which can best be illustrated by a concrete example. The Labor member for Norwich was referred to in a recent publication as the Parliamentary representative of the Typographical Association. This body, we believe, maintains the honorable member, in the sense of providing his salary; but his constituents are not the Association, but the electors of the city of Norwich. Why should the members of the Typographical Association, of whom only a small proportion can be resident in the constituency, subscribe out of their



weekly wages to provide the Labor Party in Norwich with a representative in Parliament?

The Labor position appears to be that, as voluntary *ad hoc* levies for the support of members are too unpopular to be effective, the only course is to revert to the old and vicious system of applying trade-union funds for party purposes. Obviously, from the Labor point of view, this plan has advantages; but how can it be justified on any principle whatever?

You, sir, would seem to endorse the Labor Party's contention when you urge the restoration of the "liberty of political action which trade unions so long possessed unchallenged" or of their "full political rights," and it is this whole-hearted support of a clamor raised by the Labor Party for the reinstatement of an injustice, which ought never to have been tolerated, that we as Liberals deplore.—Yours, &c.,

DUUMVIRI.

North Norfolk, September 21st, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a recent issue, "A Liberal Member of Parliament," while deploring the crisis due to the Osborne decision, suggests no means for extrication. The part played in the political arena by trade unions in the past has been of undoubted service to the cause of Labor, but has, on the other hand, aroused fierce opposition by those who would not have their benefits impaired for any *outré* purpose. And, as at the inception of the unions no widening of the benefit sphere was contemplated, the law lords had no compunction in deciding that any such diversion of the funds was *ultra vires*. Nor could any new majority rule bind the dissentients.

A Bill is being promoted by the Trade Union Congress to empower the support of political allies; but it would not only conflict with the Osborne decision, but condone and extend the injustice on whose account relief was sought in the Courts. It is much more probable that the Government will discover another way of escape from the dilemma than passing a measure of so inequitable a character.

What is there to prevent a dissolution of existing unions and a *pro rata* distribution of the funds? On reconstitution the executives could be invested with the requisite powers, and the dissentients could either join, stand aloof, or incorporate unions free from their objections. In this they would be in much the same position as the directors and shareholders of limited liability companies when desiring to divert their funds from their original channels or widen their spheres of operation. If there is any legal barrier to such procedure being adopted by a trade union, then it ought, in the interests of impartiality, to be removed.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN McCULLOCH.

Portpatrick.

## RELIGION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I read with much interest the correspondence on the decline in Nonconformity, as well as your fine leader on the future of the churches.

I have no idea of the religious life in the country, but I have been some time in England, and I was struck by the wonderful activity of the churches in the towns. Great Britain is now one of the rare countries in Europe where religion plays an important part in the national life. As one of your correspondents ably shows, the figures given by Mr. Shorter do not mean much. Englishmen may be especially struck by the crisis through which their Churches are passing, but we foreigners are astounded at the influence of religion in modern British life, in present British art, literature, and politics. The great interest displayed in religion by advanced journals like THE NATION and the "Daily News" is a significant fact. Politics are never perfect with either party, but I venture to say that the great strength of the Progressive party in Great Britain lies chiefly in the deep religious faith of some of its greatest leaders and of its most ardent supporters. Without the Free Churches, without religious Scotland, and mystical little Wales, the Liberal Government would not have carried the day at the last General Election. Nothing could be more glorious for British Liberalism.

The Church of England strikes me as very alive, at least in some parts of the country. There is a great religious and

social movement growing among the younger Anglican clergy, a movement that may one day astonish the world.

The British Churches may be in need of reform; all Churches now are. Religion may be passing, in England, through a crisis; the same crisis is all over the world, and much worse in most countries. But from what I have seen, I do not believe in a decay, not even in a decline, of British religious life. When all is said, modern England, notwithstanding its many disquieting features, is now, in a materialist world, the great bulwark of Idealism.—

Yours, &c.,

ANDRÉ DE BAVIER.

Château de Dully, Vaud, Suisse,

September 21st, 1910.

## THE DECLINE IN NONCONFORMITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think that "Nonconformist" does not perceive very clearly the nature of the respective changes which the last half-century has made in science and theology. He urges the "revolutions in thought" which have affected science; declaring them to be even greater than the revolution in religion. He is doubtless right; but the revolutions in science have all been of the nature of development and expansion; evolution, conservation of energy, and other great principles have been established; and these have taken the place of earlier tentative explanations of the universe. The older atomism of Lavoisier still stands as substantially true, but it has grown in precision and penetration. The older geology of Lyell is not superseded; it is merely expanded. And so with the other sciences.

But can we say the same of Christianity? The process of change in the old beliefs has been one of disintegration. Miracles have become incredible, divine inspiration has been abandoned, even by the reverend authors of the "Encyclopædia Biblica," the very existence of Jesus Christ has become a matter of controversy. "Nonconformist" believes that the "fundamentals" of his creed have not been affected; but it is certain that many of the doctrines which were taught me in my youth as "fundamental" have now passed into the category of "non-essential," leaving the dogmas still held to be "fundamental" as few and ineffective as Falstaff's ragged army.—Yours, &c.,

C. CALLAWAY, D.Sc.

Cheltenham, September 26th, 1910.

## WOMEN AND THE PRINTING TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter from your correspondent who signs himself "A Practical Printer," throws considerable light on the evil results produced in trades from the fact that women are politically, and therefore economically, helpless. It is strange, indeed, that, both from the business and from the idealistic point of view, one would imagine that men would realise how fundamentally necessary it is that the women workers should be put in a different position by having the vote given into their hands as a defence.

There are three salient points about "Practical Printer's" letter. First, that, for certain branches of the printing trade, women are eminently suitable, if they are not more so than men. This reminds us that the desideratum of all good work is efficiency, not false economy.

Secondly, the power of the men's trade unions is, in many cases, used very unfairly to keep the women from a legitimate sphere of usefulness, of which "Practical Printer" gives us two particular examples, in addition to the general one of the result of the men printers' threatening attitude.

Thirdly, the absolute importance for the women at present to secure equal pay for equal work, instanced again in the letter in particular, in addition to Miss McLean's own account of the women printers' position in Edinburgh.

It is practical evidence such as this which makes us realise that the fifteen women's trade unions of the country can do little or nothing beyond organising the women's opinions to improve the status of the worker. The present state of affairs tends towards a sex-war, but the basis on which men and women could meet on equal terms would remove any feeling of rivalry or resentment, and do away with the present iniquitous system of undercutting on unequal terms.

Such a letter as this also proves the fallacy underlying the argument of those who maintained in the House of Commons, in the debate on the Conciliation Bill, that the women workers could get better conditions without the vote simply through their own trade unions. The only cases in which women have been able really to improve their status have been in the North of England, where both men and women belong to the same trade unions, which, with the men's influence behind it, have been able to move legislation.—Yours, &c.,

F. GARDNER.

18, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.  
September 26th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As in other spheres of life and labor, the stand-points of "Practical Printers" vary. Though he withheld his name, the writer of the letter which appeared in THE NATION for September 24th, under the above heading revealed his identity, as well as the fact of his being a master rather than a working printer.

I have, unlike "A Practical Printer," some acquaintance with both the hours and the wages of men and women printers in Edinburgh, and I know, besides, that on the sole ground of cheap labor women were originally introduced into the leading printing establishments in the Northern capital—a fact that was significantly ignored in the letters of Sir John Clark and Mr. John Murray, which were published during the recent crisis in the printing industry of Edinburgh. A quarter of a century ago many skilled and capable compositors were, to my knowledge, unable to earn, mainly on account of the number of girls employed, more than an average wage of 10s. or 12s. weekly. Your correspondent's statements as to the keyboard of the typesetting machine "being exactly the same as a typewriter," and work for which women are particularly fitted, will not find general acceptance among practical printers; for the real work, in which technical skill and training are requisite, only begins after the initial work at the keyboard has been completed.

In nine cases out of ten, according to a long and varied experience, women, both in Edinburgh and in London, have been given proof-reading solely on the ground of lower remuneration. The circumstance that "A Practical Printer" has received assistance in proof-reading from his wife in no way demonstrates the fitness of women generally for the tedious and thankless, albeit onerous and responsible, labor of proof-correcting. I have knowledge of a case in which a master printer was so obsessed with the idea of the superiority of women as proof-readers that one of his employes who had served him many years in this capacity, and had a record of nearly forty years with the firm, was dismissed to make room for a woman proof-reader.

If on that ground "A Practical Printer's" woman proof-reader was refused admission to the union of the Correctors of the Press, the action of their executive was certainly justifiable.—Yours, &c.,

A PRINTER'S READER.

Camberwell, September 28th, 1910.

#### A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is due to the memory of R. L. S. that I should correct a printer's error in my letter to THE NATION of the 17th inst. upon "P." He spoke of "that almost inseparable group P. V. F.," not P. O. F.

For my own slip in speaking of Swinburne's "Sister swallow" in the masculine, words fail me!—Yours, &c.,

ISOBEL HECHT.

Fitzroy Lodge, Westcott, Dorking,  
September 28th, 1910.

#### THE CLERGY'S DEBT TO WILLIAM JAMES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Lake's communication on "The Clergy's Debt to William James," in your issue of September 10th, is a welcome tribute to the memory of a fearless and original thinker. Much as I appreciated his letter, however, I had some difficulty in accepting wholly his point of view. As a

philosopher, Professor James, consciously or unconsciously, was a follower of Lotze, in his sharp distinction between fact and theory, existential and value judgments, and in his adherence to a pluralistic conception of reality. In so far as his thinking affected theology, he followed the same line as Ritschl, another Lotzian, in separating theology from metaphysics. In his own way he regarded theology as the science of the relations existing between the individual soul and God, and his starting-point was the psychology of the individual religious consciousness. In thus emphasising the indebtedness of theology to psychology for many of its data, he did it a notable service; but a theology which limits itself merely to an empirical analysis of the individual human soul must, in the nature of things, be a very poor one. Nor can it escape the charge of solipsism. Theology depends upon metaphysics for its material in a way which no other science does: it is bound by the nature of the relations which it investigates, sooner or later, to raise questions which are ultimate, and cannot adequately be answered by science. To take Mr. Lake's example of "the consciousness of sin," it is not sufficient to give a psychological account of the particular phenomena involved. This may be very useful to the clergyman *quâ* pastor—to quote Mr. Lake's words, it may help him to "cure souls"—but *quâ* theologian, he cannot be content with anything short of an inquiry into the ultimate nature of Sin, and this is largely metaphysical.

Mr. Lake has clearly shown the debt which the clergy in their pastoral office owe to Professor James for his insistence on the benefits to be derived from a psychological analysis of the religious consciousness; but, until it is proved that theology is best studied as a positive science, like chemistry or physiology, and that pluralism and the theory of value judgments, which Professor James accepts, are really advantageous to the best interests of theology, their debt to him as theologians must remain an open question.—Yours, &c.,

A. PENDER CRICHTON.

Colmonell, Ayrshire, N.B.

#### EUGENICS AND SOCIAL REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Houghton, tells us with regard to the Weismann doctrine, that the fact that "mankind, after being subject for long periods to incredibly base surroundings, should still, from the point of view of heredity, be untainted," is a matter for joy rather than tears. This joy is considerably tempered by the other fact that this same doctrine reveals—namely, that mankind, after being subject for long periods to incredibly good surroundings, is not, from the point of view of heredity, necessarily advanced.

We want our Super-man. How are we to get him? We are, apparently, dependent for him upon such mysterious racial improvements as are termed "sports." And who can say that such chance variations as have in the past gone to the making of able men and women of to-day, if once lost, will ever re-occur? I mention this point because, if the eugenist has to be careful before condemning as unfit those who may be but victims to their bad environment, the social reformer has also to be reminded that, so long as, from an ignorant—or rather, an indolent—public opinion and a wrong economic structure of society, good stock is allowed to die out—or, at any rate, to decrease proportionately with other stock—so long is the present failing irretrievably in its duty towards the future.—Yours, &c.,

EUGENIST.

#### TO FLOG THE APACHE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A number of English papers, including, I regret to say, at least one well-known organ of Liberalism, have lately announced, with much gusto and approval, that an attempt is to be made in the French Chamber to legalise the use of the lash as a punishment for violent crime, and English experience is, as usual, being quoted in support of this stupid and reactionary proposal. We are told, for instance, that "the efficiency of the Act in putting down hooliganism in London is freely cited as a convincing argument in favor of the measure." Now, as hooliganism, in the ordinary sense

of the word, is not punishable with flogging, it is evident that what is meant is robbery with violence, and that the allusion is to the ancient legend which represents the famous outburst of garotting, in 1862, as having been suppressed by means of the "cat." But, as has more than once been officially stated, and as is known to everyone who has inquired into the matter, that particular outbreak of crime was put down before the Flogging Bill of 1863 was even introduced in Parliament, so that an assertion which has a thousand times been used by the advocates of flogging is not only demonstrably false, but actually ridiculous. The experience of this country in regard to the treatment of crime furnishes no support whatever to French reactionaries; on the contrary, it is obvious that, as the London garotters were suppressed without the lash and by a firm application of the ordinary law, the apaches of Paris can be suppressed in like manner.

These facts have been laid before the Minister of Justice by the Humanitarian League, and it is to be hoped that the attempt of English flagellomaniacs to foster a demand on the other side of the Channel for recourse to a savage and bestial punishment will fail, as it deserves. Flogging has long been on the wane in this country, and our neighbors will hardly be flattered by the suggestion that they should adopt a form of torture which we are having the sense to discard.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY S. SALT.

53, Chancery Lane, W.C.,  
September 28th, 1910.

### THE LETTER "P."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I venture to think that the interest attaching to the letter "P" is not even yet exhausted, belated as a contribution to the discussion may now seem. Mechanically, it is not only the most explosive labial, but the most explosive consonant. It has more breath, and more elastically compressed breath, behind it than any other letter. It is emitted like the pellet of a pop-gun, and has, in fact, given the toy its name. "T," the most explosive dental, cannot compare with it, nor can the guttural "K." Consequently, "P" stands unrivalled as a means of expressing our sense of emphasis and sudden effort. Push, pull, pluck, press, pound, prick, split, splash, and many others are, all of them, words which, whether or not onomatopoeic in origin, gain in use their peculiar force from the letter "P." The origin is not really important; whatever their origin, we select words, ready to hand, that have the right sounds to express our feelings. There is, so far as I am aware, no reason to suppose that the Latin *pestis* is an "onomatop"; but when a Frenchman says *Peste!* we are conscious of an explosion on a small scale, much assisted by the letter "P." Our own *Pish!* and *Pooh!* are similarly indebted. "P" adds to our satisfaction, when, on occasion, we call a man a prig and an impostor, and confide that we have "pilled" him at the club. It makes *appal* an extreme word for fear, *implore* for entreaty.

If I were asked whether "P" is a beautiful letter, I think I should answer that question with another—Is Browning's

"The power of the night, the press of the storm, the poet at the foe,"

a beautiful line? As to its being great poetry, there can be no two opinions; but is it beautiful? And, if it is beautiful, does it owe its beauty in whole or in part to the letter "P"? For my own part, I should say "No," at least to this last question, on the ground that there are two sources of great poetry—viz., formal beauty, where it approaches music, and emotional force, where it approaches real life. The line quoted seems to belong mainly to the latter class, and the alliterated "P" stands, not for beauty, but for emotion. Browning, as his manner was, is almost violently transferring his feeling to us, often, though perhaps not here, quite regardless of form. At any rate, emotion, not beauty, is the thing aimed at. The rhythm itself is more emphatic than exquisite. But Swinburne's

"imperishable, as he  
Is perishable and plaintive,"

shows that our letter can assist even in effects of exquisite sound and rhythm. It is not an ugly letter, like "D," which, I fancy, never stands the test of alliteration. Possibly

the labials do this most satisfactorily, for which there may be mechanical reasons.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

The Lizard, September 20th, 1910.

### Poetry.

#### A COUNTRY HOUSE.

BECAUSE my friends were kind to me  
I thought and felt continually:  
A hundred wise thoughts in one week  
I had, and it is hard to speak  
Without my friends. But it was good  
To walk at sunset past the wood,  
Along a broad and level slope  
Leading us gently, like a hope,  
Up to the temple golden-gray  
New-risen from the bath of day,  
A more than mortal kneeling-place.  
Sometimes day wore another face,  
And woke in weeping on the hill,  
And called grey mist to rise and still  
The noise of cattle and falling corn,  
And nothing hailed the full sun, borne  
Enormous through the smoke that was  
Sweet incense from the dabbled grass,  
But the unconquered melody  
Young laughter makes of deep and high.  
As happy pilgrimages go  
To dream upon the dead below  
The tall stained pillars circled round  
With blackberries, now newly found  
Glowing and dark, as tho' ashamed  
Of bitterness the sun had tamed.  
So every day we loved to run  
And draw full wages of the sun.  
The great wise cattle saw us turn  
To watch the horses from the fern  
Crash out with laughter in their feet,  
And throw their heads on high, to greet  
Sunlight the woods had hidden deep  
Under the leaves: and when to sleep  
The hours drew down, no heart could say  
Farewell unkindly to the day  
Whose going let the shadows take  
The blue far spaces of the lake,  
And calmed the last song of the bird.  
No prayer for lingering day was heard,  
For candlelight was best of all:  
The winking shadows made the hall  
A dancing-ground, and laughter made  
Darkness a jester unafraid  
Of sour and hidden midnight fears.  
Gently then upon gentle ears  
The poet's music fell, till time  
Ran captive by the wheels of rhyme,  
And life was all one perfect sound.  
In later loneliness profound  
The night strode on, and soul from soul  
Lay severed. Only when the whole  
Majesty of the autumn moon  
Mocked sleep away, I thought how soon  
Proud youth must kneel and hear afar  
Life's messages oracular,  
Driving him out to plot and plan,  
Stripping the dreamer from the man.  
Under life's master-hand we grew  
Complete at last, a very few  
By strange adventures, most set down  
To rigid life within a town.  
To-night still showed a pathway flung  
To the high seat where the moon hung  
And lured youth onward by the gleam  
On the dark floor of her moonbeam,  
And wakened deep in night alone  
I felt the darkened house my own,  
And knew the morrow could but bring  
Fresh glories of imagining.

MICHAEL HESELTINE.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Prevention of Malaria." By Ronald Ross. (Murray. 21s. net.)  
 "A Shepherd's Life: Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs." By W. H. Hudson. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Pope John the Twenty-Third, and Master John Hus of Bohemia." By Eustace J. Kitts. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Parallel Between the English and American Civil Wars." By C. H. Firth. (Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Religion of Israel." By Alfred Loisy. Translated by Arthur Galton. (Unwin. 5s. net.)  
 "Romney." By A. B. Chamberlain. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Studies in Chinese Religion." By E. H. Parker. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Vyner's 'Notitia Venetica.'" Revised and brought down to date by Cuthbert Bradley. (Routledge. 2 vols. 21s. net.)  
 "Cagliostro: The Splendor and Misery of a Master of Magic." By W. R. H. Trowbridge. (Chapman & Hall. 16s. net.)  
 "Louvè: Revolutionist and Romance Writer." By John Rivers. (Hurst & Blackett. 16s. net.)  
 "Philosophies." By Ronald Ross. (Murray. 1s. net.)  
 "The Exception." By Oliver Onions. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "A Snail's Wooing." By E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
 "Napoléon et la Suisse, 1803-1815." Par Edouard Guillon. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 5 fr.)  
 "Chantilly et le Musée Condé." Par Gustave Macon. (Paris: Laurens. 12 fr.)  
 "La Voix des Vieux." Roman. Par Claude Méry. (Paris: Grasset. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "Sous la Croix du Sud." Nouvelles. Par Paul Wenz. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)

PROFESSOR JOSEF REDLICH, of Vienna, is to give the Godkin Lectures this autumn at Harvard University, and he has chosen as his subject the history of the Austro-Hungarian Constitution since the compact which followed the war of 1866. The lectures, given in English, will be published in volume form. Professor Redlich, like M. Ostrogorski and Professor Vinogradoff, belongs to the group of foreign writers who have produced standard works upon our political institutions. His "Local Government in England," prepared in collaboration with Mr. F. W. Hirst, was issued in 1903, and since then he has published a comprehensive work on "The Procedure of the House of Commons," for which Sir Courtenay Ilbert wrote an introduction and a supplementary chapter.

UNDER the title of "John Brown: A Biography, Fifty Years After," Messrs. Constable are about to issue a fresh account, by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, of the famous leader of the raid at Harper's Ferry. Many years ago Professor Eliot Norton wrote that there never was more need for a good life of any man than there was for one of John Brown. Mr. Villard, one of the editors of the New York "Evening Post," has had access to a great deal of unused material, and his work is expected to fill the gap to which Professor Norton drew attention. It will be fully illustrated by reproductions of photographs, maps, and facsimiles.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN has completed a large work on the exploration of the Northern and Arctic regions from the earliest times. He describes the various expeditions, and traces the growth of the geographical ideas they suggested. The book, which will be illustrated, will be published in several languages. The English edition will be issued by Mr. Heinemann.

TWO books on Talleyrand are announced for the present season. Under the title of "Talleyrand, the Man," Messrs. Herbert & Daniel will issue a translation of M. Bernard de Lacombe's recent volume, "La Vie Privée de Talleyrand." It is based largely on the fourteen manuscript volumes relating to Talleyrand, collected by Bishop Dupanloup, and deals with Talleyrand's mission to England, his visit to America, his marriage with Madame Grand, and his final reconciliation with the Church. It is claimed that the fresh material which M. de Lacombe brings forward will go a long way to modify the current estimate of Talleyrand's character.

The other work, which also incorporates documents now first made public, is a translation by Mr. Bryan O'Donnell from the French of M. Frédéric Loliée. Its title is "Prince Talleyrand and His Times: From the Reign of Louis XV. to the Second Empire," and Mr. John Long will be the publisher.

THE announcement of a new book of essays by Mr. G. S. Street reminds us that there still exist among us several of the group of essayists who enlivened the pages of the "National Observer" under Henley's editorship. One of these is Mr. Charles Whibley, three of whose books have, we notice, been transferred to Messrs. Constable, who will issue them at a reduced price. Mr. Street's volume is called "Essays and Adventures," and will be published by Mr. Martin Secker, a new recruit to London publishing, who has begun business at No. 5, John Street, Adelphi. Mr. Street's essays are mostly in a vein of light comedy, though a few are written in a more serious and critical mood.

MRS. G. H. PUTNAM'S collection of studies, entitled "The Lady," will be published shortly by Messrs. Putnams. It begins with an account of the Greek lady, and treats of women of social position in different environments down to the twentieth century. Some of the essays have already appeared in one of the monthly reviews, and the fresh way in which the subject is handled, as well as their light and graceful style, give promise of an attractive volume.

"MENDELSSOHN'S SOUTH AFRICAN BIBLIOGRAPHY," mention of which has already been made in these columns, will be published next week by Messrs. Kegan Paul. No more comprehensive guide to the books bearing on any British colony has ever been issued, and students of every phase of South African life and history will find their tasks greatly lightened by the information it contains. The work of compiling the bibliography has occupied Mr. Sidney Mendelssohn for nearly eleven years, and was at first intended to be a catalogue of the books in his own collection. Later on, the scope was enlarged, and the "Bibliography" now contains a list of nearly every printed book relating to South Africa, from the sixteenth century to the present day. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Mendelssohn has bequeathed his library to the Union Parliament of South Africa, together with two sums of money, the first of which will be devoted to buying books relating to any part of the African continent, published before the collection is handed over, and the other to establish a fund which will be spent on keeping the library up to date. He hopes by this means to lay the foundations of a "National Library of Africa," which will comprise the greater part of the literature connected with the continent.

BOOKS on London are well represented in Messrs. Black's list. The second section of Sir Walter Besant's survey of London will open with a volume on "The City," which consists of a running commentary on streets and places, together with glimpses into the past, written by Sir Walter Besant. This will be followed by two other volumes dealing with "London—North" and "London—South." These latter have been written by contributors working under Sir Walter Besant's supervision and editorship. The same publishers have just issued Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff's "London," while "The Romance of London," by Mr. Gordon Home, also appears in their list. Yet another book on London is "Relics and Memorials of London Town," by Mr. J. S. Ogilvy, which is to come from Messrs. Routledge, and will be a companion volume to the same author's previous book on the City.

THE first volumes in a new series to be called "Les Grands Ecrivains Etrangers" will be issued this month by Messrs. Bloud, of Paris. The series will open with books on "Chaucer," by M. Emile Legouis, and "The Brontës," by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet. M. Legouis is known to English readers by his excellent study of Wordsworth, while the Abbé Dimnet is a frequent contributor of political and literary articles to our weekly journals. Another book to come from the same publishers is "La Jeunesse de Shelley," by M. A. Koszul, a young French professor who has made a special study of Shelley's life and poetry.

## Reviews.

### A PLEA FOR FREEDOM.\*

It was the fate of Kant to reach the English mind of his day through the sublime but foggy medium of Coleridge's eloquence. Bergson has been known to the general reader chiefly through the late William James. James, in his later years, conducted his dialectical controversies very much as though they were electioneering campaigns. His aim was to beat the Hegelian bosses into a frazzle. To turn from James to Bergson is to return to an old world which retains the subtleties and the urbanities. Nothing, indeed, will prejudice the fame of Bergson save the responsibility that attaches to him for some share in begetting Pragmatism. With this admirable translation, the study of Bergson must needs be resumed afresh among us. One would not like to say without research how long it is since the work of any French philosopher has achieved the tribute of translation into English. But, indeed, one may doubt whether since Comte's day the French mind has produced any work in the realm of pure metaphysics so notable as this. Its style has all the grace and lucidity of a race which will not tolerate muddy writing, even among its scientists. Its real strength and originality lie in the close texture of its consecutive and penetrating analyses. There is certainly nothing facile or thin in its lucidity. It is, on the contrary, condensed and severe in its compactly marshalled arguments. One forgets that its writer is a professor in the steadiness and rapidity with which he expounds a daring line of thought of his own. It is a rare and original mind which speaks in this volume, and nowhere does one realise its idiosyncrasy more clearly than in the elevated passages in which this acute analytical mind reveals a certain emotional quality that clearly is the source of the impetus in its thinking.

Conventional philosophy has accustomed us to arguments for free will which sought to reach it through an analysis of our ethical consciousness. There is, in this strangely individual book, barely a mention of morals. One is lured through the opening chapter by something so little expected as a fascinating study of our notion of the intensity of psychic states. By what illegitimate metaphor is it that we persuade ourselves that emotions and sensations can have magnitude and may be distinguished by a less and more? Feelings differ in quality and not in quantity. The more massive feeling is really one which has in it a greater number of qualitatively different sensations. A sensation does not increase; it passes through diverse phases as fresh areas are affected. Or else, by an intellectual construction, we transfer to the feeling itself our knowledge of its measurable cause. We are now well launched on a current of argument which leads to the conclusion that our whole conception of our inner life is based on continual penetration of the elements that belong to space. Language for ever forces us to externalise ourselves. By naming our states we seem to transfer them to the world of space. We live a kind of ghostly life in which we surround ourselves with a sort of penumbra and envelope of spatial metaphors. Of time itself, the form of our consciousness, we have come to conceive as a homogeneous magnitude, with its moments external to one another. We represent it to ourselves as a line, and a line presupposes for its perception the other dimensions of space. This homogeneous time is, in short, nothing but space. And, starting from this static and homogeneous time, we run ourselves into the confusions which make motion unintelligible. For this Kantian and mathematical conception of a purely quantitative time, Bergson substitutes what he calls real duration, the immediate datum of consciousness. It is a qualitative multiplicity, not an increasing quantity but an organic evolution. Its moments are within each other, and permeate each other.

The ground is now cleared for the assault on determinism. The understanding is convicted of interpreting

inner phenomena by allowing the externality of space to penetrate and vitiate its notions of duration. It separates conscious states until they seem to interact. Once eliminate this vicious notion of a homogeneous time, a medium within which inner phenomena may be separated out, and no play is left for the notion of causality, and as little for the whole associationist psychology. The law of the conservation of energy is inapplicable when once we have dismissed the notion of the intensity of psychic states. But still there remains, it will be said, some necessary connection between psychic antecedents and the act, and the test of prediction may be applied. Paul, a superior intelligence, knowing, some hundreds of years before, all the history and conditions of Peter, at a given moment, could predict his act. Bergson's answer is ingenious. It is not enough to know Peter from outside, as though his states could be measured as quantities and intensities or described in externalising language. Paul must know Peter with the immediacy of self-knowledge, must in other words have experienced all his psychic states, from birth to the moment of decision. But if we concede so much, we must also grant that Paul would be Peter. He would not foresee; he would act. The self at any given moment is unique, and it is therefore impossible that the relation of an action to the state from which it issued could be expressed by a law. Freedom cannot be denied, nor yet can it be defined. We reach the free self in moments of emotion or decision, when the self of language and social intercourse, the ghost of our space-metaphors, is sloughed away—moments unique of their kind, which will never be repeated. The cause cannot repeat its effect, for it cannot repeat itself.

It is, we are disposed to think, rather the destructive than the constructive side of Bergson's work which will survive criticism and exert a permanent influence. His brilliant handling of the notion of intensity, its general exposure of the way in which space invades and penetrates our conception of time—these are contributions to any future theory of knowledge, however it decides to handle them. The sceptic may add them to his armory. Here is fresh material for a criticism of our categories. But the process by which Bergson reaches his notion of duration is a drastic emptying of the baby with the bath. Does it mean more to say of "real duration" that it consists of heterogeneous quality than it would mean to say of "real space" that it is colored? We build up the form of time by an intellectual construction, in the same way, and with the same justification, that we build up the form of space. Nor can Bergson himself escape the metaphors of space when he is compelled to speak of moments that "permeate each other" and are within each other. A yet bolder speculation will face his analysis, discard the absolute Kantian separation of the forms of time and space, and frankly avow that the understanding uses both when it builds up its knowledge of the inner world. Bergson's own analysis is far too penetrating and far too honest for consistency. This real self, which we perceive by deep introspection in moments of crisis, when alone it is free or knows itself to be free, is not, even on his showing, an immediate datum of intuition. It is a moment with moments, a moment permeated by others. It contains in itself its reference to other moments. It is vitiated and extended by an inherent relativity.

One rises from this sort of reverent coquetry with the idea of freedom, uncertain of what Bergson meant to convey. Is his whole meaning that the relation between psychic states is not mechanical or external? So much one may concede, and yet contend that action is a necessary evolution. The determinist may grant him his pretty illustration of Peter and Paul. Paul, if he fully knew all the states of Peter up to the moment of decision, would be Peter. The question is whether, being "Peter" in his psychic content at the moment of decision, he would necessarily act as Peter acted. To dispute that is to deny the law of identity. To concede it is to deny the freedom of the will as the old indeterminists conceived it. A "law" there may not be which governs the relation of a unique cause to a unique effect, if by law we mean "generalisation." But a necessary connection may still subsist. There is a singular halting in Bergson's argument at the vital and final steps. Stimulating and rich the book is in its positive contributions to a theory of knowledge. But the march into the realm of freedom becomes a flight.

\* "Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness." By Henri Bergson. Authorised translation by F. L. Pogson, M.A. Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d.

## NATIONAL RECORDS.\*

CONSIDERING the influences and interests predominant in the English Press, it is not perhaps surprising that the completion of what is, in its way, the greatest achievement of English historical scholarship should have passed practically without notice or comment. It had the good, or ill, fortune to be published by the Government, which does not advertise its literary wares, and therefore it attracted little attention from a public which depends upon advertisement for its knowledge, and upon the halfpenny Press for its intelligence. Even there it might have been found useful, had not the habit of boasting English superiority over foreigners succumbed to political exigencies in quarters where it was most ingrained. For the monumental edition of "Letters and Papers illustrating the Reign of Henry VIII.," the last volume of which has just seen the light, is a more complete and a better edited *corpus* of historical materials than any other similar series published abroad or at home; and its successful termination deserves at least a word or two of celebration.

It was in 1856 that the Master of the Rolls commissioned John Sherren Brewer to begin the preparation of a calendar of all papers, foreign and domestic, public and private, which might throw light on Henry's reign. Eleven volumes of State papers had already been published by the old Record Commission, but they were only a selection of the documents preserved in the Record Office; the new series was to include all contemporary papers, whether preserved in the Record Office, in the British Museum, in the archives of particular corporations, or in private muniment rooms; and this ample scope distinguishes it from all the other calendars published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, which are confined to documents in the Record Office. Brewer's first volume appeared in 1862, and four volumes, carrying the work from 1509 to 1530, had been published when he died in 1879. But this does not indicate its magnitude: the fourth volume, besides an introduction of nearly 500 pages, comprises three parts, which average a thousand pages each and calendar some seven thousand papers. Much of the editing had, however, for some little time before Brewer's death been done by Dr. James Gairdner, who had been associated with the work from its beginning, and has lived to bring it to completion. The observant student was indeed led to suspect that the hand which calendared the documents was not the hand which wrote the introductions; and Dr. Gairdner has told us that after his appointment by Disraeli to a living in Essex, Brewer endeavored to take his editorial duties more lightly. Brewer's introductions, which were subsequently reissued in two volumes as his "History of the Reign of Henry VIII.," alarmed the authorities by their length; and when Dr. Gairdner succeeded him, he was instructed to confine his within the limits of fifty pages. The counterblast to Froude, which might otherwise have appeared in this form, accordingly remained unwritten; but as some compensation the completion of the calendar was expedited. Seventeen volumes were, however, required, and of these seven have two parts each; so that the whole calendar runs to thirty-three portly volumes, with nearly as much letterpress as the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

It goes without saying that its scholarship and value have steadily increased with the progress of the work. The Irishman's remark that, in order to be quite comfortable, one should wear one's boots six months before one puts them on, is capable of various applications; and editors of series like this probably feel, when they have finished, that they have just acquired the experience and knowledge really fitting them to begin. It was the same with the "Dictionary of National Biography," which steadily improved as time went on; and the editing of Dr. Gairdner's last volume is immeasurably superior to that of Dr. Brewer's first. For one thing, half a century ago editors' conception of a "calendar" hardly differed from a catalogue, and Dr. Brewer, like the editor of the "Calendar of Domestic State Papers," began by making little more than a list of documents with the briefest indication of their contents; the idea that the calendar should give a complete summary of the contents of the documents was only evolved by degrees. For another,

the conception of the scope of materials suitable and the range of materials available for inclusion have both increased. Classes of documents excluded as irrelevant or unimportant from early volumes are included in later ones; transcripts from foreign archives not at hand in 1860 are utilised in 1900; and many tributaries have trickled in to swell the volume of this fertilising stream. Scottish, Venetian, French, and Spanish sources are tapped at different chronological points, and the calendar suffers from that lack of uniformity which progress and development inevitably entail.

This is, perhaps, a compliment in disguise. But we have no wish to disguise our appreciation of the inestimable services which have been rendered to historical scholarship through the publication of these volumes, not merely by the vast positive additions to our knowledge of that period but by the standard which we can now apply elsewhere. The study of some portion of these materials might be recommended, on the one hand, to those who consider history hardly distinguishable from fiction, and, on the other hand, to those who imagine the literary historians of old to be "original" authorities. The revelation of the mass of firsthand evidence for the history of Henry's reign should discourage reliance upon thirdhand tittle-tattle as the principal basis for the history of later, if not earlier, periods; and foreign as well as English editors might learn a good deal from Dr. Gairdner about the proper methods of testing and dealing with documentary sources. Eighteenth-century forgeries should not henceforth be accepted as genuine letters of Queen Elizabeth; and no future Thomas Carlyle should be deluded into discerning the true visage of Oliver Cromwell in epistles fabricated by latter-day impostors. Enterprising publishers and pseudo-literary clubs should cease to find a market even in London society for series of Court memoirs concocted at a penny a line and sold for thirty guineas a set; and the Chicago factory of historical shoddy might be closed.

We wish that the services of this series to the historical study of other reigns than Henry VIII.'s might be more than indirect. It would be a thousand pities if the editorial tradition and experience accumulated during half-a-century ended in a *cul de sac*. Dr. Gairdner throws no light upon the plans of the Record Office, and with a modesty and self-suppression that seem excessive he confines his reference to the completion of his life's work to the remark, "And so we have come to the close of a reign the most marked of all in English history for permanent effects, not only on the domestic condition of the country, but on international relations as well." We are not disposed to underrate the importance of Henry's reign, but we hardly think it so far exceeds all others as to justify the exceptional treatment of its records that seems to be in contemplation. England was still Catholic at the end of Henry's reign; its conversion, real or fictitious, willing or forced, to Protestantism was the work of Edward VI.'s, and the consolidation of Henry's work and beginnings of England's expansion were the achievements of Elizabeth's. They claim attention from the archivist as urgently as did Henry's reign half a century ago, for their records are even more chaotic and unknown. Indeed, a Committee has, we believe, just been appointed, on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to inquire into their neglect. Mr. Lloyd George need not look far abroad to discover some of the reasons. One is that the Treasury cannot or will not provide adequate funds for cataloguing and calendaring these records; another is that it will not give copies of the works it does publish at the national expense to institutions which are striving to impress upon the student the importance of national records, and to train him in their use. These matters ought not, in fact, to be in the hands of the Treasury at all, but in those of a properly constituted Ministry of Public Instruction. There might perhaps then be more intelligence in the attitude towards our national records; editors of State papers might not be prohibited from even referring to documents which happen to be in the British Museum instead of in the Record Office; the "Foreign Calendar" might not be steadily piling up arrears, taking, as it does, longer to publish than the events did to happen; and Dr. Gairdner's great work might become part of a harmonious plan, instead of being a magnificent fragment, emphasising by its merits the general failure round it, and inspiring, mixed with gratitude for what is achieved, regret for all that might have been.

A. F. POLLARD.

\*"Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII." Edited by James Gairdner, LL.D., D.Litt., and R. H. Brodie. Vol. XXI., pts. i. and ii. 1908, 1910. H.M. Stationery Office. 15s. each.



## NIMROD IN AFRICA.\*

A few years ago Mr. Roosevelt wrote an introduction to a book of American nature photographs, in which he vehemently upheld the superiority of the camera over the rifle. By revenge, a body of admirers presented Mr. Roosevelt with a Holland elephant rifle, among the subscribers being Mr. Richard Kearton, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord Avebury, and the Bishop of London. It is this Holland that thunders the major music of the ex-President's famous tour through Africa in search of big and little game for the American museums. It is just, however, to note at the outset that the popular conception as to the extent of that battue has been somewhat exaggerated. As soon as each group of animals required for the museums was complete, the hunters refrained from killing others of that species except for meat for their numerous and highly carnivorous servants. The total bag for the whole trip to the rifles of Mr. Roosevelt and of Kermit is stated at no more than 512 head, which include seventeen lions, many birds, some crocodiles, pythons, and no great number of any species in any immediate danger of extinction.

No Pharaoh ever hunted the lion half so luxuriously as Mr. Roosevelt. A small army of porters, beaters, skinners, and others accompanied him into the wilds of East Africa. There was a stud of horses to ride out to the hunting-place on, or to ride down the wounded quarry, and every detail of the expedition seems to have been studied more particularly than when society goes out for a picnic. A day's hunting commonly ended with a hot bath and a shave. In the dinner tent, bowls of flowers appeared on the table, and the repast ended with ginger snaps and coffee. But it is when our modern hunters stand up to do battle with the monsters of the jungle that the efficiency of their equipment is most apparent. The lion or buffalo that begins its charge at two hundred yards is like Fuzzy-wuzzy charging a British square with Maxims. Writes Mr. Roosevelt in telling of one of his encounters:—

"I knew I had the lion all right, for though he galloped at a great pace, he came on steadily—ears laid back, and uttering terrific coughing grunts—and there was now no question of making allowance for distance, as he was out in the open. The bead of my foresight was exactly on the centre of his chest as I pressed the trigger, and the bullet went as true as if the place had been plotted with dividers. The blow brought him up all standing, and he fell forward on his head."

This was the work of the Winchester. When it is a case of elephants, the great Holland speaks from its half-inch bore. Its roar makes the next man's nose bleed if he is rather near, and the blow alighting on the bony front of an elephant or rhinoceros knocks him down. Kermit felled one "mighty beast" with his .405 Winchester. "It rose," says the narrator, "and we both fired in unison, bringing it down again; but as we came up it struggled to get on its feet, roaring savagely, and once more we both fired together. This finished it." Still more terrible is the punishment meted out to a rhinoceros. Mr. Roosevelt writes:—

"As he rose I put in the right barrel, the bullet going through both lungs. At the same moment he wheeled, the blood spouting from his nostrils, and galloped full on us. Before he could get quite all the way round in his headlong rush to reach us, I struck him with my left-hand barrel, the bullet entering between the neck and shoulder and piercing his heart. At the same instant Captain Slatter fired, his bullet entering the neck vertebrae. Ploughing up the ground with horn and feet, the great bull rhino, still head toward us, dropped just thirteen paces from where we stood."

A frequent expression in these recitals is, "I took no chances," followed by another bullet from the Holland or Winchester, pumped into a virtually dead beast. Mr. Roosevelt admits that his expenditure of cartridges per head of game bagged was at least generous.

Perhaps the Nandi method of killing lions is the more heroic. In fantastic head-dresses, carrying ox-hide shields painted with strange devices, and twirling as if they were toys their iron-hafted spears with yard-long, razor-edged blades, these men chase the lion till it is brought to bay. Then man after man comes running up till the ring is complete:—

"As man followed man, the lion rose to his feet. His mane bristled, his tail lashed, he held his head low, the upper lip now drooping over the jaws, now drawn up so as to show the

gleam of the long fangs. He faced first one way and then another and never ceased to utter his murderous grunting roars. It was a wild sight; the ring of spearmen, intent, silent, bent on blood, and in the centre the great man-killing beast, his thunderous wrath growing ever more dangerous."

Then the "crowded moment" begins. In ten seconds the lion receives the first spear clean through from shoulder to flank, strikes down and mauls two men, is pierced with other spears, and expires, biting the last blade till he bends it double.

The book is crowded with hunting incident, of which the writer seems to have preserved every detail. Nothing shows the strenuousness of the man more than that. At the close of each arduous day he must have written a minute commentary on all that had occurred, and anyone who has tried to do that knows how reluctant the flesh is under such circumstances. He seems to have recorded every shot, the part of the anatomy it struck, and the damage it did. The natural history of his victims that he collects is slightly above the usual gun-room average. There is a long chapter in the appendix on protective coloration, in which the extreme claims of certain neo-Darwinians are deservedly censured; but in the body of the book Mr. Roosevelt seems less judicial. Starting with the statement that the coloration of the zebra "is not protective at all," he goes on to say that "at a distance of over a few hundred yards its coloration ceases to be conspicuous, simply because the distance has caused it to lose all its distinctive character—that is, all the quality which could possibly make it protective." This seems to be a distinct begging of the question.

The power of the cobra to spit its poison, as often denied as alleged by former travellers, is vouched for by Mr. Roosevelt. He says the poison came from the fangs "like white films or threads, to a distance of several feet." The hunters continually verify the strange habit of the honey-guide of leading men to the nests of wild bees, and Loring, one of the taxidermists of the expedition, provides an excellent photograph of a monitor lizard in the act of plundering a crocodile's nest.

The camera was well used on this expedition. Kermit Roosevelt secured a good many pictures of antelope, rhinoceros, and other subjects. The rhinoceros is particularly easy of approach—in fact, it does its own approaching sometimes in a very embarrassing manner. The sportsman speaks of its "stupid truculence," which made it often difficult to spare. It came towards them with twisted tail and cocked ears, like some inquisitive pig, and it was always a toss-up whether or no it would charge, and thus compel its own death. In another place Kermit has the happy expression, "deep in prehistoric thought," to indicate the contemplative rhino unaware of human proximity. There is a word picture of "a typical African scene" that gives an impression of animal plenty rather unusual in latter-day books. The hunters look up from the skinning of a hyena to find this ring of spectators:—

"Vultures wheeled overhead. The rhino, less than half-a-mile away, stared steadily at us. Wildebeest—their heavy fore-quarters and the carriage of their heads making them look like bison—and hartebeest were somewhat nearer, in a ring all round us, intent upon our proceedings. Four topi became so much interested that they approached within two hundred and fifty yards and stood motionless. A buck tommy came even closer, and a zebra trotted by at about the same distance, uttering its queer bark or neigh. It continued its course past the rhino, and started a new train of ideas in the latter's muddled reptilian brain; round it wheeled, gazed after the zebra, and then evidently concluded that everything was normal, for it lay down to sleep."

Mr. Roosevelt went to Africa to shoot game, and he shot it with vigor. Some of his most infectious passages, however, deal with the contemplative man's enjoyment of natural surroundings. He enjoys keenly the bird life of the country, which in places seems to be extraordinarily rich. The pleasures of riding through the great game preserve of British East Africa are partly, no doubt, the pleasures of anticipation; but he speaks with much enthusiasm for this well-managed animal protectorate.

Of the Boers he says, "We foregathered, of course, as I, too, was of Dutch ancestry. They fulfilled the three prime requisites for any race: they worked hard, they could fight hard at need, and they had plenty of children. . . . There could be no better and manlier people than those, both English and Dutch, who are at this moment engaged in the great and difficult task of adding East Africa to the domain

\* "African Game Trails." By Theodore Roosevelt. Murray. 18s. net.

# My New Magazine



An  
Open Letter  
to the Public  
by



## T. P. O'CONNOR

In announcing a new magazine I make no apology. But an apology would be needed if I contemplated adding one more to the typical magazines published to-day. My new magazine is founded on a faith that there are many thousands of people who are not content with the modern magazine—who are disappointed with its constant avoidance of the subjects that really matter. It is not necessary to apologise to such a public, for they realise the need for efficiency; indeed, the world has no use for the ill-informed; the men and women who count nowadays are those who are conversant with modern ideas and movements—in short, progress is so rapid that unless they are constantly in touch with these they are left behind in the race. A magazine planned to meet the needs of this healthy, enquiring, knowledgeable mind may be said to inaugurate a new era in the magazine world.

Knowledge is power—and there is a knowledge to be gained by intelligently viewing the constantly changing panorama of life and its many activities. My new magazine will aim at reviewing the passing show intelligently, by comment, informative articles, shrewd portraits of personalities, and sound criticisms, so that the busy man or woman shall, month by month, obtain a clear grasp of the significance of the world's thought and activity.

The things that matter to men and women—that is the keynote of the magazine I have planned and which I know is wanted. I shall avoid dullness and prosiness. Every page will be vital. Every month there will be articles on political personalities and social problems; science, literature, and art will receive adequate attention; phases of life and thought affecting the sphere of women will be treated by authoritative writers; while each number will contain many practical pages for students. English and Continental story-tellers will give my readers fiction that will illuminate the problems of life, and a magazine which aims at being a sincere reflex of the life of the month will also be leavened by the work of humorists both in prose and verse. Such a magazine will not only provide information for busy men and women, it will provide entertainment, and, at the same time, act as an auxiliary and companion to the daily paper.

*T. P. O'Connor*

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of civilisation." Mr. Roosevelt's ideas on Egypt are well known. His Guildhall speech appears in the appendix to this volume. It seems, however, from the body of his book that he has just the same idea of our duty toward backward races as we ourselves. Only, perhaps as a result of less experience, he has sometimes a different estimate of the stage that has been reached in their progress toward self-government.

#### EMERSON: LAST FRAGMENTS.\*

THE right of the public to see every fragment of a great man's work may be accepted without question. The world is the poorer when, as has happened in so many cases—George Meredith's being the last—an author has elected to burn some of his manuscripts. We are glad that these early journals of Emerson were not burnt, and that they are to be shortly followed by others covering a later period of his life. The volumes before us are occupied with the boyhood and early manhood of the "Sage of Concord." They extend only to 1824, and Emerson was born in 1803. They reflect, therefore, the boy's early movements towards culture and thought. The impatience of a progress that is apparently too slow is characteristic of those years:—

"In twelve days I shall be nineteen years old; which I count a miserable thing. Has any other educated person lived so many years and lost so many days?"

At nineteen a clever boy cannot be expected to have any great faculty for giving out; he is much better employed in taking in. Dr. Johnson said he knew as much at seventeen as he did at sixty, which, in spite of its exaggeration, does really imply that these are the impressionable years, when one's reading fixes itself tenaciously in the memory. But nothing that Dr. Johnson could have written at nineteen would have been worth publishing. In the same way, nothing that Emerson wrote at nineteen was worth preserving except from this same point of view of literary curiosity. Here and there, indeed, there is a phrase that forecasts the grand manner, as when, for example, the boys says of Sharon Turner, the historian, that "he is an ambitious, flashy writer, and elsewhere a loon"; and we see a hint of the humor that marks Emerson at his best when he tells the following story:—

"Where are you going, Mr. Whitefield?" says Dr. Chauncy. "I'm going to Boston, sir." "I'm very sorry for it," says Dr. C. "So is the devil," replied the eloquent preacher.

One is struck, in reading these journals, with the admirable manner in which Emerson's friend, James Elliot Cabot, did his work as a biographer. So skilfully did Cabot use the "journals" of Emerson that little was left. Nevertheless, we are grateful for these two volumes, which we gladly place upon our shelves side by side with the Collected Works and the Life. We do not think that Emerson has quite the grip upon the present generation that he had upon the last. Probably, from the point of view of mere numbers, he has a greater band of readers to-day than in those early years, when some of us were thrilled by our first reading of "Representative Men" and "English Traits," but it is not so vocal a following. Yet how can we in these islands measure our gratitude to Emerson for our first biographical glimpse of Carlyle? Even to-day we find in the Emerson journals the fairest view of Carlyle that time has given us. Visiting him in Scotland in 1833, he said:—

"Good and wise and pleasant he seems to me, and his wife a most accomplished, agreeable woman. Truth and peace and faith dwell with them and beautify them. I never saw more amiableness than is in his countenance."

And this judgment—a later one:—

"Carlyle is so amiable that I love him."

Visiting the pair on his second trip to Europe, fourteen years later, Emerson said:—

"Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms. Nothing could be more engaging than their ways, and in her bookcase all his books are inscribed to her as they came from year to year, with some significant lines."

Need one say that the man who wrote this of his great contemporary himself embodied all the nobler courtesies of life? Few men have so firmly embodied their ideals in life as well as in literature. But it is as a literary force that Emerson

\*"Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With Annotations." Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. 1820-1824. Constable. 2 vols. 12s. net.

lives for us. The world has all but forgotten the anti-slavery conflict in which he played the part that Lowell thus commemorated:—

"To him more than all other causes together did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives."

Emerson lacked Carlyle's passionate genius. But he possessed a clearer idea of the way in which the world was going, and he knew that the Carlyle gospel of force was a mischievous and detestable gospel. Not all his devotion to his friend could lead him far astray as it led other great writers—Huxley and Froude and Ruskin, for example. But it is because we look upon him not only as a great writer, but as an exceptionally great and good man, that we are grateful for these small fragments, merely supplementary though they be to the work by which their author will live in literature and in the world of thought.

#### A STUDY OF GENIUS.\*

IN "The Creators" Miss Sinclair has handled the most perplexing of all themes—genius, its duty to itself, and its private and public obligations to the world in which it finds itself. Difficult as it is for a biographer to dissect the conflicting motives of a dead genius and weigh his shortcomings, it is perhaps an even harder task for a novelist to draw a convincing portrait of an imaginary genius and make him live and move against the background of everyday life. We do not believe in a reputed genius till we are under his spell. We ask, indeed, while all the necromancers have drawn their pentagons and magic circles, which of them has ever raised the devil? Of all the attempts of novelists to conjure up a veritable genius as a hero, we can remember nothing so convincing as Mr. Henry James's crafty silhouettes in "Terminations." And his success, we take it, was due to his tactical skill in presenting the picture of the distressful relations of genius with the world of common folk, through the eyes of an impartial onlooker who held the balance true. Miss Sinclair, however, has been so daring as to unveil the searchings of heart of four imaginary geniuses—two men and two women—and to identify her sympathies with their private struggles to bring their gifts to fruition amid the frustrations, entanglements, and seductions of modern London. And the innermost scroll, which our author has interpreted with the fine seriousness of a high priestess at the literary shrine, is covered with the hieroglyphics of the special problems of genius and marriage. What will a woman genius gain or lose when she essays to kindle or stifle the sacred fire on the domestic hearth? This question is discussed with a slow-ripening patience and skill for 524 pages, by a dozen characters whose practice exemplifies the fine fallibility of human judgment. If we are to abide by the conclusions of Panurge (who was certainly a genius, though not of the self-conscious order of the literary creators here vivisectioned), we may say that the problem is insoluble. And our author, in this respect at least, joins hands with the great Rabelais.

The early chapters introduce us to the problem of the relations of two geniuses—Jane Holland and Tanqueray, both of whom are "great" novelists. Let us say at once that we disbelieve in Tanqueray and his genius. He is "Art for Art's sake" clothed in a pair of trousers. He is a creature "subtle and yet unsophisticated," whose "temperament and his poverty had combined to keep him in a half-savage virgin solitude." Tanqueray is not in love with Jane, but his thoughts are always running upon her: "he took up her last book just to see again how damnably clever she was . . . what a genius she had, what a burning, flashing, laughing genius. It matched his own; it rose to it, giving him flame for flame. Almost as clear-eyed it was, and tender-hearted. . . . In spirit he remained at her feet. He bowed himself in the dust. . . . So he found confusion in his judgment and mystery in his vision of her, while his heart made and unmade her image ten times a day." This prejudices us violently against Jane, these superlative terms which break the Commandment, but, in truth, Jane is a creation of much interest and charm. In her figure Miss Sinclair has typified with great insight and skill the struggle in a superior woman's heart between

\*"The Creators." By May Sinclair. Constable. 6s.



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the claims of love and the claims of her ambition, her talent and her powerful personality. It has pleased our author to enter into long disquisitions on Jane's genius, and to hold a watching brief for the state of virginity as "the law, the indispensable condition" for feminine genius, a contention which is summed up in the words of Nina Lempriere, the other woman genius in the book: "Look here, I believe, if any woman is to do anything stupendous, it means virginity. But I know it means that for you and me." This contention is, theoretically, interesting, in view of the law of the conservation of energy, and of the fact that, of the score or so of women geniuses that modern Europe has seen in the arts, the drama, and science, scarcely one but by her example has negated Nina's law. However, much of the interest of "The Creators" lies in the exposition of Jane Holland's emotions and outlook in contact with Tanqueray, whom she loves, and with Hugh Brodrick, whom she marries. Tanqueray is the masterful, intense type of man who, if lady novelists are to be believed, exercises a fatal fascination for their sex. The passionate, "wild-blooded" Nina Lempriere is consumed by her longing for Tanqueray, so is the winged genius, Jane, so is "the Kiddy," Laura Gunning. "I defy any woman not to care for him. . . . It's your apprenticeship at the hands of the master," says one of the characters. And here we touch on one of the serious defects in this thoughtful, ambitious novel. It is too full of literary talk—not, indeed, of the usual prattle and tattle kind, but of a self-conscious, solemn order. The women geniuses take themselves and the men geniuses much too seriously. They are always hovering round one another's altars and discussing whether and how and why the sacred flame is burning. The introduction on the scene of the bright-eyed and adorably soft little Rose, a servant-girl whom Tanqueray falls in love with and marries out of hand, makes a welcome break in these records of *la vie littéraire*. Rose is capably drawn, and her attitude of dumb self-effacement before the genius whose dinners she yearns to cook, and whose shirts she longs to wash, is most true to life. And yet her portrait is not so fine in suggestiveness of line as that of the haggard, morose, and bitter Nina, who is tortured by her passion for the men geniuses in turn, Tanqueray and Owen Prothero. There is, obviously, something seriously wrong with the author's outlook, when this admirable figure, Nina, is forced also into taking a hand in the literary communings of the other ladies. Why should she, too, talk about "genius being the biggest curse a woman can be saddled with"? except, indeed, to point the dubious moral. So far as the analysis goes of the involved web of the love affairs, incipient or declared, and of the emotional strain of the women's relations to the men and to one another, the author has succeeded admirably. If three-fourths of the discussions, observations, and reflections on "genius" in "The Creators" could be expunged, and the literary atmosphere be made less solemn, the novel would take higher rank. There is too much "genius" to the square inch, and the pressure gets almost alarming when the "unlicked Celt, the wild creature," Owen Prothero, is loosed upon us. Here, again, Miss Sinclair has discounted an excellent piece of portraiture by her weakness for romanticising. Owen Prothero is real in his essential character, but very much "overdone" in his flaming attributes. If all our nineteenth-century poets were rolled into one they could scarcely make a Prothero. He is one of the "infrequent, enormous stars that wheel on immeasurable orbits, so distant that they seem, of all transitory things, most transitory." "He was, after all, such a supernatural, such a disembodied thing." And when the exacting Tanqueray listens to this poet chanting one of his "portentously inspired" works, we are told "the restless, irritable devilry passed from his face. Salient, thrust forward towards Prothero, it was the face of a winged creature in adoration, caught suddenly into heaven, breasting the flood of the supernal light." It is just this sort of literary stuffing that makes "The Creators" too *bizarre* a dish for our humble English taste, though it may figure bravely on Transatlantic menus.

So minute is the chronicle of the emotional experiences of the leading characters that one can only hastily indicate the path of events. Hugh Brodrick, after starting a new literary review and capturing the leading immortals for his pages, falls passionately in love with Jane Holland, and she

with him, and they boldly enter into the matrimonial state, despite Jane's ominous genius. The sequel is foreshadowed in their words of betrothal. "Hugh, dear, you're a brave man to marry it." "I wouldn't marry it if I didn't think I could look after it." "You needn't bother. It can look after itself." It does, but it is almost squashed by Jane's vicissitudes in bearing and rearing her babies and in sustaining the dead-weight of the ponderous Brodrick clan into which she has married. This is the inner theme of the book—ought Jane to have married, or ought she to have remained virgin? Miss Sinclair treats this subject with wit as well as with feminine skill. Her picture of the solid Brodricks is delicious, and in the character of Gertrude, Hugh Brodrick's lady secretary, she has really achieved a brilliant study. There are at least two novels rolled into one in "The Creators," and it is a thousand pities that the admirable craftsmanship of so many chapters should be tarnished by "the divine fire" which flickers so insistently in this dubious Parnassus. Jane, as we have said, is a charming figure, and if anything could persuade us that she is indeed "an immortal," it would be the author's illuminating descriptions of the processes by which Jane's works are brought to birth; Gertrude, however, being free from the literary taint, is even more convincing than Jane, and we hope she will rise again and become the heroine of another book. The subsidiary figure of Nicky, a poet, who writes abominably mediocre verse and who believes firmly in his own immortality, does not lighten the picture, as no doubt was the author's intention. The density of the atmosphere of literary aspirations could only be got rid of by the self-consciousness of all the characters being irradiated by the spirit of levity.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE Court jester of Peter the Great thus described the position of St. Petersburg: "On one side the sea, on the other sorrow, on the third moss, on the fourth a sigh." It is clear from Mr. G. Dobson's admirable account of the geography of the Russian capital ("St. Petersburg," Black, 7s. 6d. net) that the melancholy note of this utterance was justified by the facts, and that there is little to be said in favor of the situation from the standpoint of health. When one adds that the sanitation is medieval, that the waters of the Neva are polluted to such an extent as to be a source of constant danger to those who drink them unboiled, and that the "city fathers" have only just been stirred up to a sense of their responsibilities, not very much seems left to be said for a city whose sanitary sores are in such perfect harmony with the disease of the Russian body politic. Yet St. Petersburg, if unwholesome to live in—from our new-fangled point of view—is extremely interesting from a distance, and its interest, even its fascination, is made the most of by the present author. An historical sketch makes clear the condition of the region long before the days of Peter, and by so doing explains why that magnificent autocrat found a new capital a necessity for combating the aggressions of the Swedes. How he founded Petersburg, and by what high-handed measures he compelled every class of his countrymen, not only to come in and live there, but to build (at their own expense) according to his own designs, forms an instructive and entertaining chapter of history. Petersburg, one is reminded, was hated as a residential town in those days, and for long afterwards, as heartily as it is now cultivated by most classes of the community; the difficulty then was not to stop the migration from the country, but to obtain immigrants. And one of the chief causes of the difficulty was that Peter stood for reform, for the Europeanisation of Russia, against the combined forces of ultra-conservative classes and masses! Mr. Dobson's sketch of everyday social features in the capital is intimate and attractive, and he receives valuable support in this direction from the drawings of types and places by Mr. F. de Haenen, whose work is spirited and sincere.

MR. A. M. BROADLEY is known to be the possessor of a remarkable collection of autographs, and his "Chats on Autographs" (Unwin, 5s. net) contains a great deal of information about the pursuit of autograph-collecting, presented in a light and entertaining style. Mr. Broadley makes a sharp distinction between the mere collector of autograph

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## A BROADSIDE

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Being now seven years old and so grown up, the *Book Monthly* enters upon developments with the October number. It has established itself for its bright literary gossip, its well-informed literary articles, its advance information about books, its beautiful illustrations; in a word, as a magazine with the true, inner knowledge of the book world. In that tradition it goes forward, enlarged in size and, for the benefit of the general reader, made more popular and more practical in contents and style. It retains all its proved features, but it seeks a broader highway of literary usefulness, appealing not only to the bookseller and the librarian, to the publisher and the bookman, but to everybody who reads books, or likes to read about books. For instance, the former mere catalogue of the month's publications is replaced by a selected, annotated list of the chief new books and new editions. If you consult this list and its accompanying snapshot reviews, you will have guidance enough to the current books of real interest and moment. Indeed, to read the *Book Monthly* constantly is to be kept on easy terms with the books and authors of the time, in touch with the literary forces of the hour. It is an instructing, entertaining "guide, philosopher, and friend," equally for the reader near the centre of things or far away, and it only costs sixpence a month. You can order it regularly from any bookseller, bookstall or newsagent, or the publishers will send it post free for a year, inland and abroad, for eight shillings.

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signatures and the man who collects and arranges signed documents of real interest. The former is rightly condemned as a nuisance, while the latter does good service in preserving valuable documents, and in many cases renders important assistance to the historian. The carelessness often shown in regard to such documents is illustrated by the fact that little more than half a century ago the archives of the old India Office were ruthlessly sacrificed, most of the papers relating to the Indian Navy being sent to the paper mills. A single letter, which was accidentally blown from one of the carts used by the contractors, was found to have been written in the reign of James I. by the Duke of Buckingham, and brought a five-pound note to its finder. Mr. Broadley has a good deal to say about the commercial side of autograph collecting, which, when done judiciously, he regards as one of the best possible investments. His book advises those about to begin the pursuit as to the best equipment, and the large number of facsimiles it contains should prove of great assistance. No aspect of the subject is left untouched in the volume, which is an excellent addition to the "Chats" series.

### The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, Sept. 23.	Price Friday morning, Sept. 30.
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Russian Fours	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	95
Turkish United	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	92 $\frac{1}{2}$
L. & N.W.	134 $\frac{1}{2}$	134 $\frac{1}{2}$
Union Pacific	170 $\frac{1}{2}$	171 $\frac{1}{2}$

AFTER the rise in the Berlin bank rate, the market began to rush to the Bank of England for accommodation, and the change of our official rate from 3 to 4 per cent., which occurred on Thursday, was absolutely certain. Gilt-edged securities have suffered, as usual, and Consols dropped at one time to 80. It is a pity the Sinking Fund is not larger, for the opportunity of cancelling debt at 80 is too good to be missed. Unfortunately it seems impossible to put any curb on public extravagance. If a Beresford Naval Loan were floated, Consols might easily be seen at 75. There are ugly rumors of impending failures in the rubber market at Mincing Lane, and weak holders of rubber shares are having a very bad time. The rubber mania was even worse in Shanghai than in London, and many Chinese gamblers and Chinese banks are now being propped up by means of a State loan. It is interesting to note the readiness with which the new Russian railway (guaranteed) loan and the new Chinese railway loan (guaranteed by the Chinese Ministry of Posts and Communication) have been snapped up. Still more remarkable is the success of a very doubtful loan brought out for the Argentine province of Corrientes. The loan is unauthorised, and in the opinion of good judges very hazardous. But the foolish public is attracted by the high yield. The success of these new issues seems to prove that there is again a large surplus seeking investment, in spite of the tremendous volume of issues in the first six months of this year.

#### THE TURKISH LOAN.

Sir Ernest Cassel's interview with the head of the Deutsche Bank seems to be unpopular in Paris and London, and he has apparently submitted his negotiations to the Foreign Office. If the Foreign Office is really going to act as loan censor, one hopes that it will provide itself with competent and disinterested financial advice; for, to judge by the management of the consular reports, it is at present quite innocent of the rudiments. The Turkish debt is now held mainly in France, Germany and Great Britain coming next. Abdul Hamid's deposit at the Deutsche Bank was released when the Young Turks offered to buy with it the second-hand German battleships.

#### THE WORLD'S CROPS.

The harvests are working out satisfactorily, the Canadian and American results being both rather better than was anticipated. Moderate prices for wheat and bread are now likely for some months, and for longer if the crops of India, Argentina, and Australia, which are harvested between October and February, prove successful. The Hungarian Minister of Agriculture's preliminary estimate of the world's crop with last year's comparison is always a valuable document, especially as his estimates are usually conserva-

tive. This year's crop of cereals (wheat, rye, barley, oats and maize) is estimated at 1,817,000,000 quarters, against last year's revised figures of 1,819,000,000 quarters, the wheat crop at 456,000,000 quarters being about 10,000,000 quarters higher, rye 5,000,000, barley 9,000,000, and oats 43,000,000 quarters lower than a year ago; but maize about 45,000,000 quarters larger. The Minister's statement shows that importing countries will have to provide a deficit of 71,000,000 quarters, or practically the same as last year, while exporting countries show a surplus available for export of 88,000,000 quarters. In the following tables the totals of the various crops are given, last year's figures being revised according to the latest known data, the whole being shown in thousands of English quarters:—

	1910. Quarters.	1909. Quarters.
Wheat	456,020	445,770
Rye	214,910	220,060
Barley	195,390	204,420
Oats	458,640	502,000
Maize	492,450	446,990
Total	1,817,410	1,819,240

Not only is the wheat crop larger, but the visible stocks of wheat are much above what they were this time last year.

#### IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS OF WHEAT.

The following table shows the production of wheat of the principal importing countries, in thousands of quarters, for this year's as compared with last year's crop:—

	1910. Quarters.	1909. Quarters.
Great Britain	7,360	7,680
France	37,950	43,240
Germany	18,860	16,330
Austria	7,130	6,900
Italy	22,220	21,390
Spain	17,340	15,000
Egypt	2,160	1,980

The following table shows the deficit of wheat of the principal importing countries, in thousands of quarters, as compared with last year's estimates:—

	1910. Quarters.	1909. Quarters.
Great Britain	26,220	27,140
France	5,520	4,140
Germany	10,120	11,730
Austria	6,210	6,210
Italy	5,750	3,910
Belgium	6,210	6,300
Spain	550	2,070
Egypt	690	870
Brazil	2,160	1,930

Another remarkable table gives the production of wheat of the leading exporting countries in thousands of quarters, as compared with last year's estimates:—

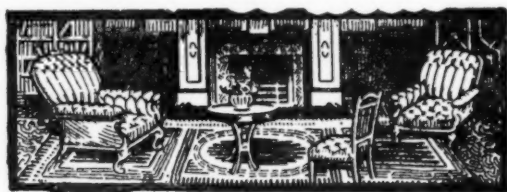
	1910. Quarters.	1909. Quarters.
Russia with Siberia & Caucasus	96,140	82,800
Hungary with Croatia	24,840	16,970
Roumania	13,660	9,430
Bulgaria	7,450	6,480
Turkey in Europe and Asia	8,140	8,600
East Indies	45,930	34,870
United States	84,190	88,090
Canada	13,340	17,940
Argentina	16,100	21,390
Australia	11,550	10,120
Algeria	5,520	4,190

The following table gives the surplus of wheat available for export from the chief exporting countries, in thousands of quarters, as compared with last year's estimates:—

	1910. Quarters.	1909. Quarters.
Russia with Siberia & Caucasus	25,990	12,200
Hungary with Croatia	9,430	3,000
Roumania	8,740	5,300
Bulgaria	2,620	4,700
Turkey in Europe and Asia	8,140	230
East Indies	12,650	5,000
United States	8,740	20,240
Canada	2,530	8,740
Argentina	7,590	14,120
Australia	6,670	5,060
Algeria	1,700	740

It may be remarked that last year the Hungarian experts, like the rest, under-estimated Russia's magnificent crop, and from the latest news it would seem that the French crop is worse, and the deficit consequently larger, than is here supposed. Few people realise that Russia is expected this year to supply the world with more than ten times as much wheat as Canada and with nearly three times as much as the United States.

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